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United States Capitol, at Washington.

DESCRIPTION.

The Capitol of the United States is situated [illegible] as area enclosed by an iron railing, and in[illegible] 20 1-4 acres—the building stands on the [illegible] western portion of this area; and commands, by [illegible] sudden declivity of the ground, a beautiful [illegible] extensive view of the city, of the surround[illegible] region of Georgetown, &c., and of the wind[illegible] the Potomac as far as Alexandria. The [illegible] of the building are as follows:—

[illegible] ..... 352 feet 4 inches.
[illegible] ..... 121 ft. 6 in.
[illegible] and wings ..... 65 do.
[illegible] do. ..... 80 do.
Circular H. wite and [illegible] ..... 1[illegible] 0[illegible]
[illegible] of West side of Rotunda, 70 do
[illegible] to top of Centre Dome ..... 170 do

The exterior exhibits a rusticated basement [illegible] height of the first story; the two other sto[illegible] are comprised in a Corinthian elevation of [illegible] and columns—the columns 30 feet in [illegible] 3 in diameter, and 180 feet in extent—the centre of which is [illegible] a portico, of 60 feet square, having a re[illegible] longitu, of 100 extent, distinguishes the [illegible] of the west front.

The building is surrounded by a balustrade of [illegible] stone and covered with a lofty Dome in the cen[illegible], and a flat Dome on each wing.

The representatives' room is in the 3d story of [illegible] south wing—it is semi-circular, in the form of [illegible] Ancient Grecian theatre—the chord of the [illegible] great dimensions is 96 feet—the height to the [illegible] point of the conical ceiling is 60. This [illegible] is surrounded with 24 columns of variegated [illegible] marble, from the banks of the Potomac, with capitals, after those of the temple [illegible] Minerva Polias, support a gallery to the East, [illegible] form a loggia below—and a new gallery of [illegible] pillars and railings of a light and elegant [illegible] projects from the circular walls—the [illegible] ceiling is enriched with [illegible] The Rotunda occupies the centre, [illegible] is 96 feet in diameter, 96 high. This is the principal entrance from the east Portico and [illegible] stair, and leads to the legislative halls and [illegible]. This room is divided in its circuit into [illegible], by lofty Grecian pilasters or antæ, which support a bold entablature, ornamented with [illegible] wreathes of olive—a hemispherical dome rises [illegible], filled with large plain caissons, like those [illegible] the Pantheon at Rome. The panels of the circular walls are ornamented in mosaics and [illegible] reliefs of historical subjects. Passing from the Rotunda, westerly, along the gallery of the principal story, the Library room next presents itself. This room is 92 feet long, 34 wide, and 36 high: it is formed into recesses or alcoves for books on two orders of pilasters, entered from the portico of the Temple of the Winds or Athens—a light story in each corner of the room, leads to a second range of alcoves, and the whole is covered by a rich and beautiful stuccoed ceiling. This room has access to the western loggia, from which the view of the city and surrounding country appears to great advantage. Besides the principal rooms above mentioned, two others deserve notice, from the peculiarity of their architecture—the round apartment under the Rotunda, enclosing 40 columns supporting ground arches, which form the floor of the Rotunda.—This room is similar to the subterranean of the European Cathedrals, and may take the name of Crypt from them; the other room is used by the Supreme Court of the United States—of the same style of architecture, with a bold and curiously arched ceiling; the columns of these rooms are of a massy Doric, imitated from the Temples of Paestum. Twenty-five other rooms, of various sizes are appropriated to the officers of the two houses of Congress and the Supreme Court, and 45 to the use of Committees; they are all vaulted and floored with brick and stone. Three principal staircases are spacious and varied in their form; these, with the vestibules and numerous corridors or passages, it would be difficult to describe intelligibly; we will only say that they are in conformity to the agency of the building and style of the parts already named. The building having been situated originally on the declivity of a hill, occasioned the west front to stand in its elevation one story of rooms below the general level of the east front and the cause to remedy this defect, and to obtain safe deposits for the large quantities of fuel annually consumed, a range of casement arches has been projected in a semi-circular form to the west, and a paved terrace formed over them: this addition is of great utility and beauty, and at a short distance exhibits the pedifice on one uniform level—this terrace is [illegible] wide, [illegible] grass, [illegible] or arbors, and at proper [illegible] distant corner, another glacis with steps leads to the level of the west entrance to Porters' Lodges—these, together with the piers to the gates at the several entrances of the square, are in the same massy style as the basement of the building; the whole area or square is surrounded with a lofty iron railing, and is in progress of planting and decorating with forest trees, shrubs—grass'd walks and turf.

From the Casket.

ROBERT EMMET.

He rose like one of royal birth,
Before his subject bowed;
Although he stood on lowly earth,
The proud convened of words
His was a fortitude of mind—
A nobleness of soul,
That proud danger had failed to bind,
Or chains of power control.

His resolution is to plead his life,
At the oppressor's head,
Or [illegible] noble strife,
That wished that bondaged dead!
Oh! go, he deeply scorned it all
His life he could not hold—
And see his country deeper fall,
Her fame, her freedom sold!

He asked for—no, he scorned a name
To float o'er change and death;
'Twas all he sought, his country's fame
To deck with freedom's wreath.
Unswept, unhonored, to the grave,
Unepitaphed to rest,
Until his country with the brave
Could rank, his sole request."

The ordeal past—the noble youth,
Upon the scaffold knelt,
Bended with crime, but crime, forsooth,
Ere there were conquering felt.
A moment more—the mingled cup
From the oppressor's hand,
Was drank, and earthly care and hope
Shrank back from this fair land!

He roamed as a lovely thing,
To light their every ill,
Or widen fame's weary wing,
Or bolder's prouder thrill
Upon the cold, mute bosom fresh,
And as in life, as late,
He paid a maiden's gift—the last—
A plaited lock of hair.

But who who gave it—where was she?
"In tried chains, or exile?"
Ah! no in cheerless misery—
She never felt regularly—
Left to the cheerless, cold days,
With broken heart, exile,
The proud, the white—betrayed on,
To murder's overwhelm!

I. E. L.

Buffalo, N. Y.

[illegible] is often an obstacle to fortune, and the [illegible] because it always professes two bad [illegible], envy and fear. Envy in those who can[illegible] you in the same degree of perfection, and [illegible] in those whom you have outstripped, and who [illegible] it is attempting a man possessed of many [illegible] and learn than themselves, they may be [illegible] assisted.

Men who are always running after [illegible] pleasures, and neglecting those within their [illegible], may be compared to astronomers contemplating the stars through a telescope, regardless [illegible] more useful lamp that burns at their side.

"HE LIES LIKE TRUTH."

Although we have been assured by a succession of moralists and philosophers, that human nature is every where the same, it took us some considerable time to assent to the truth of the proposition. We found such varieties of character, even in the circle of our acquaintance, that a superficial view of life induced us to consider human nature almost as changeable as Proteus. No two people that we ever yet met with, could even relate the same incident to us, with any very great resemblance between their stories.—Our friend, in describing so accident, turns up his eyes with an internal shudder at the appalling nature of the scene; the husband takes them from his gig, while the agonized wife has cast herself out in the despair of the moment, and broken both her arms—the two children meanwhile retain their seats, and are found, by miraculous fortune, uninjured, when the horse is struck dead to its mad career by running against a stone wall. Our other friend, who was also a spectator, talks of it as a capital joke—the husband was overbalanced and escaped with a slight sprain of his ancle; the wife walked leisurely out of the vehicle and not missing one of the steps; and the two children were found asleep, when the horse was stopped by an old Greenwich pensioner with a wooden leg.—and the whole party reassembled in a few minutes, and drove off in the greatest spirits, after bestowing a shilling upon the aforesaid pensioner for his exertions.—In human nature always the same in the eyes of our two excellent friends? We suspect not—it was evident to both, that there were present on this occasion a horse and gig, a man, his wife, and two children. These were the only natural objects; the appliances, and some of the circumstances were supplied by the internal powers.—Happy power! which can thus render the most common occurrences the ground-work of the finest feelings.—which can cover the bare realities of life with the sweet flowers or the dismal forest of imagination,—which can see a Waverley Novel in a newspaper advertisement, and to which the list of bankruptcies in the Gazette, can "eye the sacred font of sympathetic tears."

A German seems addicted, by some peculiar conformation of mind, to discover in every event of life the agency of witchcraft and the devil. If a stranger, a gentleman, we suppose, dressed in solemn sables, with a somewhat conceited jerk of his head, maintaining a rigid silence, proceeding most likely, from his entire ignorance of the language, for, be it known, this mysterious stranger is a first-classman from Oxford, or perhaps a senior wrangler from the inner University,) should seek a personal make his appearance in the quiet old town of Hedelberg—he becomes an object of greater curiosity than the Tun. Every one admires some history, of his own imagining, in the mysterious traveller; but near tenth will give him credit for being Mungrabin or the bedeviled. The week after, when conversation is beginning to flag about the suspicious visitor,—on the same spot, in the same attitude, with the same conceited jerk of his head, the same silence, and in the same style of dress, is seen a tutor from Trinity College, Dublin, so like to [illegible] manners and deportment, that no doubt a [illegible] of his being a double-ganger of the other. A hundred stories are now raised upon this slender foundation, and in a few months the public is well frighted with two huge volumes stored to the brim with diabolic and horrors. A Frenchman, on the other hand, sees nothing extraordinary in any one—if (he gives in the superlative!) in these days of veiled dynasties, his [illegible] Majesty were to be forced to put his subjects to mark to the distinction, and were to make his own universal appearance in the Palais Royal, Paris would keep the even tenor of her way, or to the utmost write criticisms on the Majesty's dress. All the sublimes and latinet would be the sole assignation at last,—and, instead of a large volume issued in honor of the deformed, there would be a revolution in the conjunct [illegible] Under would supersede the ordinary dress;—and happy and rich would that tailor be, who could place after his name—Habit-maker, by appointment, to his Ex-Majesty The Devil.

To English, we are sure, to realize it, in every foreigner and stranger, we nothing but a fortune-seeker and swindler. The sound of an un-English pronunciation makes great John bunion up his pockets, and keep a watchful eye over the safety of his bandanna. He neither thinks of Tartarus nor Saturn, but straightway of his Exchequer-bills and dollars.

Of course there are great varieties in the modes of thought, upon these subjects, as well as all others. Some people have a fine oriental cast of mind, and can see the Grand Desart in the park at Holkham. Their fancy teems with images of eternity or magnificence: they put their talents, my indeed to a muslin, satan a turban, and think the highest honor in the world is the privilege of wearing green breeches. The other day we went into the Imperial Hotel in Covent-garden—while we waited for our hock and soda water, we entered into conversation with a middle-aged gentleman, in a dark-coloured coat, who was sitting at the next table. In the course of our colloquy, he related an anecdote which he said had come under his own observation, while he was in Persia:—"A poor fellow of the name of Ibraham, was led one morning before the Cadi, whom I had myself gone to consult upon some business—I was struck with the appearance of the man. A fine mild expression of countenance gave relief to a figure of surprising strength, and I waited impatiently to hear what his fault had been. An old woman soon appeared, who, making a profound obeisance to the Cadi, and lifting up her veil, began her complaint against Ibraham; and said that he had been the persecutor of her daughter for several months past.—He was, she continued, the son of her husband's brother,—and though she had interdicted him from any intercourse with her family, her daughter Zuleeda could never go to the mosque, without finding Ibraham waiting for her at the door. He then entered into conversation with her, and accompanied her home, and even thrust himself into the house along with her. The other night, on coming home from seeing a procession, in which the Commander of the Faithful appeared, she was surprised to find Ibraham along with her daughter, though she had strictly forbidden her to receive his visits. She therefore had summoned him before the Cadi to answer for his conduct. The Cadi asked if the daughter Zuleeda was also indignant at the behavior of her cousin; and immediately a young girl stepped forward, and with an obeisance, said, "Ibraham, my lord, is innocent: we were brought up together from childhood,—his father fell in fighting for the Schaw, and he lived with us ever after, like my mother's own son; but now my mother has found me for a wealthier match, and wishes me to give up all acquaintance with the playmate of my youth." On saying this, the fair Persian, who was indeed one of the loveliest women I ever saw, burst into tears, and threw herself into the arms of the now happy Ibraham. The Cadi not only refused to interfere to hinder the meeting of the lovers, but used his influence with the old lady so well, that she even consented to accompany the youthful couple, who proceeded directly to the residence of the Mufti."

The middle-aged gentleman in the dark-coloured coat, got up on finishing his Persian anecdote, and, with a very civil bow, wished us good morning, and left the room. He had not gone above a minute, when we took up the paper he had been reading before the conversation began, and saw, under the head of Police Intelligence, the following notice:—

"John Jackson, a young man of very prepossessing appearance, was brought before the sitting magistrate of the office, on the charge of an old lady, of the name of Mrs. Andrews. She [illegible] that the prisoner, who was the [illegible] molested her daughter with the attentions on every possible occasion;—that though she had forbidden the slightest acquaintance between them, he watched her wherever she went to church, forced himself into conversation, and even persisted in accompanying her home. On the day of the opening of the London Bridge, where she had gone to see the King (God bless him!) she was surprised, on coming home to find the young people together. At last she could bear his behaviour no longer, and had given him in charge. The magistrate inquired if the daughter was as unwilling to submit to the society of the young man at the bar, as the old lady evidently wished her to be. On this a very pretty interesting girl came forward, and said, "Oh, no! poor John and I were always together from our childhood. When his father was killed at Waterloo, he was brought up like my mother's own son. But she wants me now to marry an old man, who is far richer than my cousin,—but I won't—I won't indeed." She hid her head on the shoulder of the delighted lover, and melted into tears.

"The magistrate under these circumstances refused to interfere, but pleaded the young people's cause so warmly, that Mrs. Andrews herself consented to the match; and it was agreed, before they left the office, that the marriage should take place as soon as possible."

Well, said we, after reading this paragraph, that old gentleman in the dark-coloured coat is either a very unmistakable liar, or human nature is perfectly the same in Ispahan and London.

Love and Authorship.

SKETCH FROM ENGLISH LIFE.

"Will you remember me, Rosalie?"

"Yes!"

"Will you keep your hand for me for a year?"

"Yes!"

"Will you answer me when I write you?"

"Yes!"

"One request more—O Rosalie, reflect that my life depends upon your assurance—Should I succeed, will you marry me in spite of your uncle?"

"Yes!" answered Rosalie. There was no pause; reply followed question, as if it were a the fugue which they had got by heart; and by heart indeed they had got it; but I leave you to guess the book they had counted it from.

'Twas in a green lane, on a summer's evening, about nine o'clock, when the west, like a gale of gold, had shot upon the retiring sun, that Rosalie and her lover, hand in hand, walked up and down. His arm was the girdle of her waist; hers formed a collar for his neck, which a knight of the garter—or, the owner of the sword that dubbed him—might well have been proud to wear. Their gait was slow, and face was turned to face; near were their lips while they spoke; and much of what they said ever came to the ear, though the ear made caught up every word of it.

Rosalie was upwards of five years the junior of her lover. She had known him since she was a little girl in her twelfth year. He was almost eighteen then, and when she thought far more about a doll than a husband, he would set her upon his knee, and call her his little wife. One, two, three years passed on, and still, whenever he came from college, and as usual went to pay his first visit at her father's, before he had been five minutes in the parlor, the door was flung open, and in bounded Rosalie, and claimed her accustomed seat. The fact was, till she was fifteen she was a child of a very slow growth, and looked the girl when many a companion of hers of the same age began to appear the woman.

When another vacation however came round, and Theodore paid his customary call, and was expecting his little wife, as usual, the door opened slowly, and a tall young lady entered, and curtseying, coloured and walked to a seat near the lady of the house. The visitor stood up and bowed, and sat down again, without knowing that it was Rosalie.

"Don't you know Rosalie" exclaimed her father.

"Rosalie!" replied Theodore in an accent of surprise, and approached his little wife of old, who rose and held out her hand, and curtseying, colored again: you can fancy again without hardly interchanging a word with him. No wonder; she was four inches taller than when he had last seen her; and her look and expressed correspondingly, when her features, that saw a year before gave me the idea of a style that would sound after a hundred, had now evidenced to their expression, into the sentiment, the softness, and the reserve of the woman.

Theodore felt absolutely disappointed. Five minutes before, he was all cordiality. No sooner was one question answered than he propounded another: and he had so many capital stories for Rosalie, when she came down, and yet, when Rosalie did come down, he sat as though he had not a word to say for himself. In short, everything and every body in the house seemed to have changed along with the young mistress: he felt no longer at home in it, as he was wont; and in less than a quarter of an hour he made his bow and departed.

Now this was exceedingly strange: for Rosalie, from a pretty little girl, had turned into a lovely young woman. If a heart looked out of her eyes before, a soul looked out of them now; her arm, which formerly the sun had been allowed to salute when he liked, and which used to bear the traces of many a kiss that he had given it, now shone white through a sleeve of muslin, like snow behind a veil of lace; her bosom had enlarged its every curve, and leaving her waist little more than the span it was, sat proudly heaving above it; and the rest of her form which, only six months ago, looked frail and airy in her short and close-fitting frock now long-waisted and throwing out its flowing line, stood stately in the folds of a long and ample drapery. Yet could not all this make up for the want of the little wife that used to come and take her seat upon Theodore's knee.

To be sure there was another way of accounting for the young man's change. He might have been disappointed that Rosalie, when five feet four, should be a little more reserved than she used to be when she was only five feet nothing. Romantic young men, too, are apt to fancy odd things. Theodore was a very romantic young man: and having, perhaps, traced for himself the woman in the child—as one will anticipate, in looking at a peach that is not knit, the bud, and form, and flavor of the consummate fruit—he might have set Rosalie down in his mind as his wife in earnest, when he appeared to call her so only in jest.

Such was the case. Theodore never calculated that Rosalie knew nothing about his dreams—that she had no such dream herself; he never anticipated that the frankness of girlhood would vanish, as soon as the confidence of young womanhood began its blushing reign: the thought never occurred to him that the day would come when Rosalie would scruple to sit on his knee; ay, even though Rosalie should then begin to think upon him, as for many a year before he had thought upon her. He returned from college the fifth time: he found that the woman which he imagined in a year or two she would become, was surpassed by the woman that she already was; he regarded the withdrawal of confidence, the limitation of familiarity, the penalty which he must inevitably pay for her maturing; and he felt repelled and chilled and utterly disheartened by it."

For a whole week he never returned to the house. Three days of a second week elapsed, and still he kept away. He had been invited, however, to a ball which was to be given there the day following; and much as he was inclined to absent himself, being a little more inclined to go, he went.

Full three hours was he in the room without once setting eyes upon Rosalie. He saw her mother and her father, and talked with them: he saw squire this, and doctor that and attorney such-a-one, and had fifty things to say to each of them; he had eyes and a tongue for everybody, but Rosalie—not a look or a word did he exchange with her; yet he was here and there and everywhere! In short, he was all communicativeness and vivacity, in that every one remarked how bright he had been since his last visit to college!

At last, however, his free spirits all at once seemed to forsake him, and he withdrew to the library, which was lighted up for the occasion as an anti-room, and taking a volume out of the book-case, threw himself into a chair and began to turn over the leaves.

"Have you forgotten your little wife?" said a soft voice near him; 'twas Rosalie's; "if you have," she added, as he started from his seat, "she has not forgotten you!"

She wore a carnation in her hair; the hue of the flower was not deeper than that of her cheek, as she stood and extended her hands to Theodore, who, the moment he rose, had held forth both of his.

"Rosalie!"

"Theodore!"—He led her to a sofa, which stood in a recess on the opposite side of the room, and for five minutes not another word did they exchange.

At length she gently withdrew her hand from his; she had suffered him to hold it all that time—"We shall be observed," said she.

"Ah, Rosalie," replied he, "nine months since you sat upon my knee, and they observed us, yet you did not mind it?"

"You know I am a woman now," rejoined Rosalie, hanging her head; "and—and—will you stand off the next dance with me?" cried she, suddenly changing the tone. "There now; I have asked you!" added she, "which is more than you deserve!" of course Theodore was not at all happy to accept the challenge of the metamorphosed Rosalie.

One might suppose that the young lady's heart was interested, and that Theodore was far happier man than he imagined himself to be. The fact was neither more nor less. Little Rosalie was proud of being called Theodore's wife, because she heard every body else speak in praise of him. Many a marriageable young lady had he heard declare; not minding to speak before a child; that Theodore was the finest young man in B——; that she hoped Theodore would be at such or such a house where she was going to dine, or spend the evening; nay, that she would like to have a sweetheart like Theodore. Then would Rosalie interpose, and with a saucy toss of the head exclaim, that nobody should have Theodore but Rosalie, for Rosalie was his little wife. 'Twas thus she learned to admire the face and person of Theodore, who more than once paid for her acquired estimation of them; for sometimes before a whole room full of company she would march up to him, and scanning him from head to foot, with folded arms, at length declare aloud, that he was the handsomest young man in B——. Then Theodore was so kind to her, and thought so much of any thing she did, and took such notice of her! Often, at a dance, he would make her his partner for the whole evening; and there was Miss Willoughby, perhaps, or Miss Millar, sitting down; either of whom would have given her eyes to stand up in a reel with Theodore.

But when the summer of her seventeenth year would her bursting into womanhood; when her expanding thoughts, from a trembling, timid, rill-like current, began to run a deep, a broad, and steady stream; when she found that she was almost arrived at the threshold of the world, and reflected that the step which marks a female's first entrance into it is generally taken in the hand of a partner; the thought of who that partner might be, recalled Theodore to her mind; and her heart fluttered as she asked herself the question: should she ever be indeed the wife of Theodore?

When, this time, he paid his first visit Rosalie was as much mortified as he was. Her vexation was increased when she saw that he absented himself; she resolved, if possible, to ascertain the cause; and persuaded her mother to give a ball, and especially invite the young gentleman. He came; she watched him; observed that he neither inquired after her nor sought for her; and marked the excellent terms that he was upon with twenty people, about whom she knew him to be perfectly indifferent. Women have a perception of the workings of the heart, far more quick and subtle than we have. She was convinced that all his fine spirits were forced; that he was acting a part. She suspected that while he appeared to be occupied with every body but Rosalie, Rosalie was the only body that was running in his thoughts. She saw him withdraw to the library, and followed him, found him sitting down with a book in his hand, perceived, from his manner of turning over the leaves, that he was intent on any thing but reading. She was satisfied that he was thinking of nothing but Rosalie. The thought that Rosalie might one day indeed become his wife, now occurred to her for the thousandth time, and a thousand times stronger than ever; a spirit diffused itself through her heart which had never been breathed into it before, and filling it with hope and happiness, and unutterable contentment, irresistibly drew it towards him. She approached him, accosted him, and in a moment was seated with him, hand in hand, upon the sofa!

As soon as the dance was done, "Rosalie," said Theodore, "is almost as warm in the air as in the room; will you be afraid to take a turn with me in the garden?"

"I shall get my shawl in a minute," said Rosalie, "and meet you there;" and the maiden was there almost as soon as he.

They proceeded, arm-in-arm, to the farthest part of the garden; and there they walked up and down without either seeming inclined to speak, as though their hearts could discourse through their hands, which were locked in one another.

"Rosalie!" at last breathed Theodore. "Rosalie!" breathed he a second time, before the expecting girl could summon courage to say "Well!"

"I cannot go home to-night," resumed he, "without speaking to you." Yet Theodore seemed to be in no hurry to speak: for here he stopped, and continued silent as long, that Rosalie began to doubt whether he would open his lips again.

"Had we not better go in?" said Rosalie, "I think I hear them breaking up."

"Not yet," replied Theodore.

"They'll miss us!" said Rosalie.

"What of that?" rejoined Theodore.

"Nay," resumed the maid, "we have remained long enough, and at least allow me to go in."

"Stop but another minute, dear Rosalie!" imploringly exclaimed the youth.

"For what?" was the maid's reply.

"Rosalie," without a pause resumed Theodore, "you used to sit upon my knee, and let me call you wife. Are those times passed forever? Dear Rosalie!—will you never let me take you on my knee and call you wife again?"

"When we have done with our girl-hood, we have done with our plays," said Rosalie.

"I do not mean as *plays*, dear Rosalie," cried Theodore. "It is not playing at man and wife to walk, as such, out of church. Will you marry me, Rosalie?"

Rosalie was silent.

"Will you marry me?" repeated he.

Not a word would Rosalie speak.

"Hear me!" cried Theodore. "The first day, Rosalie, I took you upon my knee, and called you my wife, just as it seemed to be, my heart was never more in earnest. That day I wedded you in my soul: for though you were a child, I saw the future woman in you, rich in the richest attractions of your sex. Nay, do me justice; recal what you yourself have known of me: inquire of others. To whom did I play the suitor from that day? To none but you, although to you I did not seem to play it. Rosalie! was I not always with you? Recollect now! Did a day pass, when I was at home, without my coming to your father's house? When there were parties there, whom did I sit beside, but you? Whom did I stand behind at the piano forte, but you? Nay, for a whole night, whom have I danced with, but you? Whatever you might have thought then, can you believe now, that it was merely a playful child that could so have engrossed me? No, Rosalie, it was the virtuous, generous, surely, loving woman, that I saw in the playful child.—Rosalie! for five years have I loved you, though I never declared it to you till now. Do you think I am worthy of you? Will you give yourself to me? Will you marry me? Will you sit upon my knee again, and let me call you wife?"

Three or four times Rosalie made an effort to speak; but desisted, as if she knew not what to say, or was unable to say what she wished: Theodore still holding her hand. At last, "Ask my father's consent!" she exclaimed, and tried to get away; but before she could effect it, she was clasped to the bosom of Theodore, nor released until the interchange of the first pledge of love had been forced from her bashful lips!—She did not appear, that night, in the drawing-room again.

Theodore's addresses were sanctioned by the parents of Rosalie. The wedding day was fixed—it wanted but a fortnight to it—when a malignant fever made its appearance in the town; Rosalie's parents were the first victims. She was left an orphan at eighteen, and her uncle, by her mother's side, who had been nominated her guardian in a will, made several years, having followed his brother-in-law and sister's remains to the grave, took up his residence at B——.

Rosalie's sole consolation now was such as she received from the society of Theodore; but Theodore soon wanted consolation himself. His father was attacked by the fever and died, leaving his affairs, to the astonishment of every one, in a state of the most inextricable embarrassment; for he had been looked upon as one of the wealthiest inhabitants of B——. This was a double blow to Theodore, but he was not aware of the weight of it, till, after the interment of his father, he repaired, for the first time, to resume his visits.

He was stepping up without ceremony to the drawing room, when the servant begged his pardon for stopping him, telling him at the same time, that he had received instructions from his master, to show him into the parlor when he should call.

"Was Miss Willford there?"

"No."—Theodore was shown into the parlor. Of all savage brutes the human brute is the most pernicious and revolting, because he unites to the evil properties of the inferior animal, the mental faculties of the superior one—and then he is at large. A vicious tempered dog you can muzzle, and render innocuous; but there is no preventing the human dog that bites from fleshing his tooth—he is sure to have it in somebody. And then the infliction is so immeasurably more severe!—the quick of the mind is so much more sensitive than that of the body! Besides, the savage that runs upon four legs is so inferior in performance to him that walks upon two! It is he that knows how to gnaw! I have often thought it a pity and a sin that the man who plays the dog should be prevented from dying the death of one. He should bang and the other go free.

"Well, young gentleman!" was the salutation which Theodore received when he entered the parlor; "and pray what brings you here?"

Theodore was struck dumb; and no wonder.

"Your father, I understand, has died a beggar! Do you think to marry my niece?" If Theodore respond with difficulty before, his breath was utterly knocked away at this. He was a young man of spirit; but who can keep up his heart, when his ship, all at once, is going down.

The human dog went on. "Young gentleman, I shall be plain with you, for I am a straight-forward man: young women should mate with their matches—you are no match for my niece; so a good morning to you!" How more in place to have wished him a good halter! Saying this, the straight-forward savage walked out of the parlor, leaving the door wide open, that Theodore might have room for egress, and steadily walked up stairs.

It was several minutes before he could recover his self-recollection. When he did so he rang the bell.

"Tell your master I wish to speak to him," said Theodore to the servant who answered it. The servant went up stairs after his master, and returned.

"I am sorry, sir," said he, "to be the bearer of such an errand; but my master desires you instantly to quit the house; and has commanded me to tell you that he has given me orders not to admit you again."

"I must see Miss Willford!"

"You cannot, sir!" respectfully remarked the servant; "for she is locked in her own room; but you can send a message to her," added he in a whisper, "and I will be the bearer of it. There is not a servant in the house, Mr. Theodore, but is sorry for you in the soul."

This was so much in season, and was so evidently spoken from the heart, that Theodore could not help catching the honest fellow by the hand. Here the drawing room bell was rung violently.

"I must go, sir," said the servant; "what message to my mistress?"

"Tell her to give me a meeting, and to appraise me of the time and place;" and the next moment the hall door was shut upon him.

One may easily imagine the state of the young fellow's mind. To be driven with insult and barbarity from the house in which he had been received a thousand times with courtesy and kindness; which he looked upon as his own! Then, what was to be done? Rosalie's uncle, after all, had told him nothing but the truth. His father had died a beggar. Dear as Rosalie was to Theodore, his own pride recoiled at the idea of offering her a hand which was not the matter of a shilling. Yet was no. Theodore portionless. His education was finished: that term he had completed his collegiate studies. If his father had not left him a fortune, he had provided him with the means of making one himself: at all events, of commanding a competency. He had the credit of being a young man of decided genius too. "I will not offer Rosalie a beggar's hand!" exclaimed Theodore; "I shall ask her to remain true to me for a year; and I'll go up to London and maintain myself by my pen. It may acquire me fame as well as fortune; and then I may marry Rosalie!"

This was a great deal of work to be done in a year; but if Theodore was not a man of genius, he possessed a mood of that sanguine temperament, which is usually an accompaniment of the richer gift. Before the hour of dinner all his plans were laid, and he was ready to start for London. He waited now for nothing but a message from Rosalie, and as soon as the sweet girl could send it, it came to him. It appointed him to meet her in the green lane after sunset. The sun had scarcely set when he was there; and there, too, was Rosalie. He found that she was Rosalie still. Fate had stripped him of fortune; but she could not persuade Rosalie to refuse him her hand: when half way down the lane, she heard a light quick step behind her, and turning, beheld Theodore.

Theodore's wishes, as I before stated, were granted soon as communicated; and now nothing remained but to say good by—perhaps the hardest thing in two young lovers. Rosalie heard her name called from a short distance, and in a half-suppressed voice; she started and turned towards the direction whence the pre-concerted warning came; she heard it again: she had stepped till the last moment! She had half withdrawn herself from Theodore's arm; she looked at him; flung her own arm around him, and burst into tears upon his neck! In another minute there was nobody in the lane.

London is a glorious place for a man of talent to make his way in—provided he has extraordinary good luck. Nothing but merit can get on there; nothing is sterling that is not of its coinage. Our provincial towns won't believe that gold is gold unless it has been minted in London. There is no trickery there; no treating, no canvassing, no intrigue, no coalition! There, worth has only to show itself, if it wishes to be killed with kindness! London tells the truth! You may swear to what it says, whatsoever may be proved to the contrary. The cause—the cause is every thing in London! Show but your craft and straight your brethren come crowding around you, and if they find you worthy, why you shall be brought into notice—even though they should tell a lie for it and destroy you. Never trouble yourself about getting on by interest in London! Get on by yourself. Posts are filled there by merit; or if the man suits not the office, why the office is made to adapt itself to the man, and so there is unity after all! What a happy fellow was Theodore, to find himself in such a place as London!

He was certainly happy in one thing; the coach in which he came set him down at a friend's, whose circumstances were narrow, but whose heart was large—a curate of the church of England. Strange, that with all the appurtenances of hospitality at its command, abundance should allow it to be said, that the kindest welcome which adversity usually meets with, is that which it receives from adversity! If Theodore found that the house was a cold one to what he had been accustomed, the warmth of the greeting made up for it. "They breakfasted at nine, dined at four, and if he could sleep upon the sofa, why there was a bed for him." In a day he was settled, and at his work.

And upon what did Theodore found his hopes of making a fortune, and rising to fame in London? Upon writing a play. At an early period he had discovered, as his friends imagined, a talent for dramatic composition; and having rather sedulously cultivated that branch of literature, he thought he would now try his hand in one bold effort, the success of which should determine him as to his future course in life. The play was written, presented and accepted; the performers were ready in their parts; the evening of representation came on, and Theodore, seated in the pit beside his friend, at last with a throbbing heart, beheld the curtain rise. The first and second acts went off smoothly, and with applause.

Two gentlemen were placed immediately in front of Theodore. "What do you think of it?" said the one to the other.

"Rather tame," was the reply.

"Will it succeed?"

"Doubtful."

The third act, however, decided the fate of the play; the interest of the audience became so intense, that at one particular stage of the action, numbers in the second and third rows of the side boxes stood up, and the clapping of hands was universal, intermingled with cries of "bravo!" from every part of the theatre. "Twill do," was now the remark, and Theodore breathed a little more freely than he had done some ten minutes ago. Not to be too tedious, the curtain fell amidst shouts of approbation, unmingled with the slightest demonstration of displeasure, and the author had not twenty friends in the house.

If Theodore did not sleep that night, it was not from ingenuity of mind—contentment was his repose. His most sanguine hopes had been surpassed; the fiat of a London audience had stamped him a dramatist; the way to fortune was open and clear, and Rosalie would be his.

Next morning, as soon as breakfast was over, Theodore and his friend repaired to the coffee-room. "We must see what the critics say," remarked the latter. Theodore, with prideful confidence—the offspring of fair success—took up the first morning print that came in his hand. *Theatre Royal* met his eye. "Happy is the successful dramatist!" exclaimed Theodore to himself: at night he is greeted by the applauses of admiring thousands, and in the morning they are repeated and echoed all over the kingdom through the medium of the press! What will Rosalie say when her eye falls upon this!" And what, indeed, would Rosalie say when she read the utter condemnation of her lover's drama, which the critic denounced from the beginning to the end, without presenting his readers with a single quotation to justify the severity of his strictures!

"'Tis very odd!" said Theodore.

"'Tis very odd, indeed!" rejoined his friend, repeating his words. "You told me the play was your own, and here I find that you have copied it from half a dozen others that have been printed upon the same story."

"Where?" inquired Theodore, reaching for the paper.

"There!" said his friend, pointing to the paragraph.

"And this is London!" exclaimed Theodore. "I never read a play, nor the line of a play upon the same subject. Why does not the critic prove the plagiarism?"

"Because he does not know whether it is or is not a plagiarism," rejoined the other. "He is aware that several other authors have contracted dramas upon the same passage in history; and to draw the most charitable inference, he you would not suspect him of telling a deliberate lie: he thinks you have seen them, and have availed yourself of them."

"Is it not the next thing to a falsehood," indignantly exclaimed Theodore, "to advance a charge, of the justness of which you have not assured yourself?"

"I know not that," rejoined his friend; "but it certainly indicates a rather superficial reverence for truth; and a disposition to censure, which excludes from all claim to ingenuousness the individual who indulges in it."

"And this will go the round of the whole kingdom!"

"Yes."

"Should I not contradict it?"

"No."

"Why?"

"'Tis beneath you; besides, the stamp of malignancy is so strong upon it, that, even if it were utterly ignorant, it is harmless: and even those which they wantonly pour upon you themselves as someone or another they will retort, and add to the cost of its author and its own disadvantage. I see you have been already [illegible] treated by this gentleman [illegible] ing over the paper which [illegible] up when he entered the room. "[illegible] counted with any of the gentlemen of the press?"

"No; and is it not therefore strange that I should have enemies among them?"

"Not at all."

"Why?"

"Because you have succeeded. Look over the rest of the journals," continued his friend; "you may find salve, perhaps, for these scratches."

Theodore did so; and in one or two instances salve, indeed, he found: but upon the whole, he was in little danger of being spoiled through the praises of the press. "Why," exclaimed Theodore, "why do not letters enlarge the soul, while they expose the mind? Why do they not make men generous and honest? Why is not every literary man an illustration of Juvenal's axiom?"

"Teach a dog what you may," rejoined his friend, "can you alter his nature, so that the brute shall not be insensate?"

"No," replied Theodore.

"You are answered," said his friend.

The play had what is called a run, but not a decided one. Night after night it was received with the same enthusiastic applauses; but the audiences did not increase. It was a victory without the acquisition of spoils or territory."

"What can be the meaning of this?" exclaimed Theodore; "we seem to be moving, and yet do not advance an inch?"

"They should paragraph the play as they do a pantomime," remarked his friend. "But then a pantomime is an expensive thing; they will lay out a thousand pounds upon one, and they must get their money back. The same is the case with their melo-dramas; so, if you want to succeed to the height, as a play-right, you know what to do."

"What?" inquired Theodore.

"Write melo-drama and pantomimes!"

Six months had now elapsed, and Theodore's purse, with all his success, was rather lighter than when he first pulled it out in London. However, in a week, two bills which he had taken from his publisher would fall due, and then he would run down to B——, and perhaps obtain an interview with Rosalie. At the expiration of the week his bills were presented, and dishonored! He repaired to his publisher's for an explanation—the house had stopped! Poor Theodore! They were in the Gazette that very day! Theodore turned into the first coffee-room to look at a paper: there were, indeed, the names of the firm! "I defy fortune to serve me a scurvier trick!" exclaimed Theodore, the tears half starting into his eyes. He little knew the lady whose ingenuity he was braving.

He looked now at one side of the paper, and now at the other, thinking all the while of nothing but the bills and the bankrupt's list. *Splendid Fete at B——* met his eye, and soon his thoughts were occupied with nothing but B——; for there he read that the young lord of the manor having just come of age, had given a ball and supper, the former of which he opened with the lovely and accomplished Miss Rosalie. The grace of the fair couple was expatiated upon, and the editor took occasion to hint, that a pair so formed by nature for each other, might probably, before long, take hands in another, a longer, and more momentous dance. What did he think of Fortune now?

"O that it were but a stride to B——!" he exclaimed, as he laid down the paper, and his hand dropped nerveless at his side. He left the coffee-house, and dreamed his way back to his friend's gig, carriages, carts, rolled by him unheeded: the foot-path was crowded, but he saw not a soul in the street. He was in the ball-room at B——, and

THE MARKETS.

[illegible]

Sales of Public Stocks, in this City,
for the last week.

		Price
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]
[illegible]	[illegible]	[illegible]

[illegible]

New Agents for the N. E. Post and Casket.

[illegible] - - T. Fisher, Esq. P. M.
[illegible] - - Joshua Hann, Esq.
[illegible] - - Clark & Hosford.

Booksellers, in place of D. McKeethen

Subscribers at Murray and Lockport, N. Y. are informed that the Firmin is no longer agent for the Post and Casket.

ATKINSON'S SATURDAY EVENING POST.

PHILADELPHIA:
Saturday, January 21, 1832.

To Readers and Correspondents.

For several items of information in this day's paper we are indebted to attentive correspondents, who in writing to us on business have added such matters of interest as had recently come under their notice. We request that this attention may be continued, and we extend the solicitation to all our correspondents. It will afford us pleasure to publish any information so forwarded, calculated to interest our readers.

The hint by Courtney shall have a place.

Payne is sacrificed to a bar. The sentiment to which he refers, probably owes its origin to our Godfrey Chesnut, Esq.

The Reflections alluded to by N. W. we cannot publish. We have every disposition to oblige the author, but in this instance we should do so at a heavy sacrifice.

"The Farewell" possesses no little merit to justify its publication.

The [illegible] *long story from "A Monitor" requires more consideration. We will satisfy the author in regard to its disposition next week.*

"Innocence," by A. C. C. next week.

"Flattery," by C. we shall probably publish in a short time.

It will afford us pleasure to publish, occasionally, articles such as are spoken of by S. C. H.

"Trade Day," is well written. The author appears to be a great admirer of Lord Byron, as he has in one or two instances adopted his sentiments and style. These may, however, be misrepresentations, and we shall, therefore, give the article a place.

WORTHY OF IMITATION.

A young gentleman in a neighboring town, with a view of obtaining our paper on easy terms, recently exerted his influence among his acquaintances, and procured five good subscribers to the Post. The money—ten dollars, a very convenient sum for remittance—was sent to us, and by the return mail, we forwarded the copies, and a sixth paper for himself, which he will receive for twelve months gratis. We commend the example of this gentleman to others. It is practicable in hundreds of instances, and peculiarly so when subscriptions are solicited for the Post, decidedly the most popular paper in the Union. In proof, we are able to state that since the 1st instant we have received more than *six hundred new subscribers.*

A public meeting of citizens opposed to the York and Maryland Line Rail-road, was held at the Court House on Tuesday afternoon. After a forcible address by Josiah Randall, Esq. a preamble and resolutions clearly setting forth the injury which the city of Philadelphia would sustain by the proposed rail-road, and the various merits and demerits of the question, were presented, and after due deliberation adopted. A committee was appointed to make known to the Legislature of this state, the objections which our citizens have to the enaction of the proposed act. One of the resolutions adverts in terms of approbation to the conduct of those members of the Legislature, from this city and county, who have strenuously opposed the contemplated rail-road.

Mr. Grimshaw, of this city—favorably known as the author of several valuable histories for schools, &c.—is now engaged, we understand, in preparing a history of Ireland, from the earliest age, to the passing of the Catholic Emancipation bill in 1829. It will occupy three octavo volumes. Such a work is much wanted, as we have not at present any complete and authentic history of Ireland. In Mr. Grimshaw, as a gentleman qualified to this undertaking, and as an impartial and correct historian, we have the fullest confidence. Being an eye-witness to many of the most interesting and important scenes of the rebellion in 1798, and a resident in the city of Dublin, at the time of Emmett's insurrection, in 1803, he possesses many advantages for preparing an acceptable work. His history will unquestionably be suitably received.

A correspondent of the United States Gazette of Monday, states that on the Saturday previous, Robert L. Loughead, a justice of the peace in the township of Moyamensing, was arrested on a charge of passing counterfeit money. The charge was made before Justice Tarr, on oath of Alexander H. Parvour, who together with several other respectable men and friends of the defendant, were examined as witnesses for the prosecution. After a long investigation of testimony, both for and against him, the justice found the charge fully sustained, and consequently bound him over to the next Court of Quarter Sessions.

The reading contents of the January number of *Atkinson's Casket*—published in the early part of the week—are made up, principally, of original articles from our most talented correspondents. *The Anonymous Letter* is particularly lively and interesting, and will so be considered, we have no doubt, by the intelligent female readers of the work. The *Village Circle* is also an article written with peculiar force and animation. Both are from the pens of ladies whose productions have frequently embellished the pages of the Casket, and whose services we hope long to retain. Without washing, in the slightest degree, to set ungenerously towards rival literary publications, or to make invidious comparisons, we can not but consider ourselves as being exceedingly fortunate in being able, in almost every number of the Casket, to publish such fair specimens of native talent, as ornament the present number."

The Music in the present number, is the much admired song, "Once a King there chanced to be," as sung by Mrs. Austin, in the celebrated opera of Cinderella, with accompaniments for the Piano Forte.

It is desirable that persons who intend to subscribe for the present volume, should send us their orders at an early day. Of the volume for 1831 we have but a very few copies on hand, so great has been the demand for it. A much larger edition of the present volume will be published—but appearances indicate that this also will soon be exhausted.

The Western University, at Pittsburgh, was considerably injured by fire on the 11th instant. The burning of shavings in the cellar is supposed to have been the cause. The damage sustained is supposed to be about 1,000 dollars.

In the Liverpool Mercury, published in Perry county, Pa., we find the following paragraph—

"By late Philadelphia papers it would appear that the smallpox is raging in that city."

The editor has created a needless alarm. Not a single death by smallpox has been reported for many weeks by the health office, and we have reason to believe that the disease is not more prevalent here than usual. The *Influenza* alias *Flying Misery*, is the prevailing epidemic.

The Firemen of New York intend celebrating the anniversary of the Fire Department, by a Ball to be given at the Bowery Theatre, on Monday evening. The proceeds will be placed in the fund for the relief of disabled firemen.

THE FIRE KING.

Mr. Houghton, the American Fire King, commenced exhibiting his marvellous feats of fire eating and beef-steak roasting, to the good people of this city, on Friday evening of last week. On Saturday evening, with a crowd of others, no less curious, we attended to witness his singular exploits.

Mr. Houghton commenced by stating to the audience that the experiments he was about to make were in their nature exceedingly simple and entirely free of danger. He begged the ladies not to be alarmed at any of them, for he had taken every precaution to avoid accident, or any unpleasant occurrence.

His first experiment was to draw the flame of a candle into his mouth, which he accomplished without singeing a single hair of his *mustache*. Secondly he drew a red hot shovel across his cheeks and hand, without injury. Thirdly, he placed blazing sealing-wax on his tongue; and fourthly, he dipped his fingers in melted lead, and raised them to his mouth. The lead between his fingers cooled in his mouth, and he presented the audience several particles, about the size of duck shot. Here a wag inquired if Mr. Salamander had taken out a patent for his new shot manufactory?

After this, Mr. Houghton placed before him a dish of burning coals with which he regaled himself, with apparent satisfaction. He filled his mouth with them, and they disappeared with as much expedition, as the nicest luxury in the mouth of an epicure. This done, the charcoal was washed down with Florence oil, heated to 510 degrees Fahrenheit. Of this, however, he took but a small quantity, owing perhaps to its superior flavour. After using the oil, a feather was dipped into it, which instantly took fire and burned up; a convincing proof of the high heat of the oil.

Preparations were now made for cooking a beef steak for the gentlemen, and a dish of gingerbread for the ladies. The oven having been previously heated, the Fire King entered with his thermometer to ascertain to what height it would rise. Upon removing it, a few moments after, he found it broken, by excess of heat, by which it was known that the oven was more than 670 degrees of Fahr. as the thermometer would only bear that weight of heat. Being fully equipped, Mr. H. entered with his steak, and closed the door. A gentleman with a second watch noted the time. Precisely at the end of the fourth minute, Houghton came out and coolly remarked to the audience, that he found his oven very comfortable, but he believed his overcoat was on fire. This was really the case, and he was directed of it, in an instant. The steak was found to be rather underdone, but it soon disappeared among the audience.

The experiments being concluded, a gentleman stepped up on the platform and asked permission of Mr. Houghton to take a view of the interior of his oven. This was promptly granted. The gentleman entered; the door was closed, but no sooner closed, than the gentleman clamoured prodigiously to be let out, to the great amusement of the spectators. He was in about four seconds. After him another entered and remained about ten seconds. He came out fully convinced, that in the whole course of his life he had never been in so hot a place.

During the present week Mr. H. has exhibited several times. He attracts great numbers of auditors. All we have heard speak of him concur in opinion that no deception whatever is practised.

The Fire King is a native of Vermont. He is a man of extraordinary ingenuity and quick perception, having been the originator and builder of several curious mechanic inventions: among others of an automaton chess player to compete with Maelzel's. It is said that he discovered the antidote against eating coals, swallowing burning oil, &c. used by Miss Chaubert, by the smell of his breath.

Atrocious Murder in Newburyport.—A gentleman who left Newburyport on Tuesday afternoon informs us, says the New York Journal of Commerce, that on Friday afternoon, at half past four o'clock, Mr. Henry Page, saddler, was found dead in his shop in Liberty street, in the immediate vicinity of Market square.

Two mortal blows had been inflicted, the first in the upper part of his right breast, which appeared to have caused almost instant death; the other in the abdomen, when the knife struck against the back bone, and bent the knife, which was found about six feet from him. The knife was one Mr. P. used at his trade.

A man named Herrick, by trade a painter, said to belong to Salem, who formerly worked in the building over Mr. P.'s shop, but who was in Newburyport on a visit, has been arrested.

From the Franklin Journal, issued from N. Providence, R. I.

The Ice in the Delaware opposite the city became completely dislodged on Thursday, having been weakened by the warm weather for several days previous. It is confidently expected that to a very short time the navigation will be entirely free.

The New York Advertiser mentions the death of a lady residing in Greenwich street, in consequence of her having gone to bed with corsets on. The evening previous she was in perfect health.

Extract of a letter to the Editors of the Anacostia Sentinel, dated Harrisburg, Jan. 16th, 1832.

"The first and second sections of the bill to incorporate the York and Maryland Line railroad, passed a second reading on Saturday.—When the question was about to be put on the third section, Mr. Ashbridge offered an amendment—that the Legislature of Maryland first consent to the connecting of the said road to the Baltimore and Ohio rail-road, at such point as may be deemed most expedient by the citizens of this state. This amendment produced considerable discussion in which Messrs. Valentine, M'Calloch, Wallace, and Dunlap took part; before a question was taken, the house adjourned. The house will no doubt resume its consideration to-day, but as the mail will close before I can state any further particulars, you must wait until the arrival of the next mail for the decision in it.

"The resolution respecting the entire abolishment of Lotteries, in Pennsylvania, is now undergoing a discussion. The speakers, Messrs. Dunlop, Waugh, Shannon, and Davis, are all in favor of the matter; and Mr. Waugh and Mr. Shannon only object to authorising the committee to appoint a sub-committee to visit Philadelphia, should it be deemed necessary."

A duel with pistols took place a few days between a M. T.—— and M. C——. M. T——, who it evidently an extraordinary shot, having received his adversary's fire, gave the following remarkable proof of generosity and *sang froid*.—"Sir, said he, your life is in my hands. I spare it, and hope that for the future you will abstain from giving provocation to others." He then called his own servant, and placing him at the usual distance, fired, and with the ball broke a pipe the man was in the act of smoking, without in the least injuring the servant. M. C——, completely overcome, offered his hand in grateful acknowledgment to his high-minded opponent, and they then separated in peace.—*French paper.*

The following is a catalogue of railways made, or now making in the United States. We are indebted to an intelligent friend for this information.

	Length in miles.
Baltimore and Ohio,	250
Charleston to Hamburg,	132
Ithica and Canada,	177
Boston and Providence,	43
Frankstown and Johnstown on the Alleghany,	41
Baltimore and Washington City,	38
Utica and Oswego,	77
Judson and Berkshire,	33
Frenchtown and Newcastle,	16
Albany and Schenectady,	16
Sackwaken,	16
Harlem,	18
Richmond and Chesterfield,	14
Marsh Chunk,	9
Quincy,	4
New Orleans	6
	1403
York and Maryland,	
Tuscarora,	
Philadelphia and Norristown,	Distance not known.
do do Chester,	
do do Delaware,	
Elisabethtown and Somerville railroad in New Jersey.—	

Cincinnati Republican.

ALMANAC.

1832, JANUARY.	SUN RISES.	SUN SETS.	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES
21 Saturday,	7 11	4 49	3 39	
22 Sunday,	7 10	4 50	4 17	
23 Monday,	7 9	4 51	5 4	D. 2. h.
24 Tuesday,	7 8	4 52	7 48	
25 Wednesday,	7 7	4 53	8 33	New 2 10 11
26 Thursday,	7 6	4 54	9 10	First 10 2 47
27 Friday,	7 5	4 55	10 3	Full 17 10 56
28 Saturday,	7 4	4 56	10 49	Last 24 9 9

MARRIAGES.

On Thursday evening, 19th instant, by the Rev. Gilbert R. Livingston, Mr. SAMUEL L. DAVIS to Miss ELIZABETH, eldest daughter of Mr. GEO. SMITH, all of this city.

On the 15th inst. by John Shaw, Esq. Mr. NATHANIEL J. FLISK, to Miss MARY EDDIS, both of the Northern Liberties.

On the 15th inst. by John Shaw, Esq. Mr. DANIEL FAUNCE, to Miss ELLEN EDDIS, both of the Northern Liberties.

On the 17th inst. by the Rev. G. Chandler, Mr. SAMUEL EAKENS, to Miss CHRISTIANA MOSER.

On the 19th inst. by the Rev. G. Chandler, Mr. JAMES M'CLEARY, to Miss SUSAN SMITH.

On the 20th September last, by the Rev. Mesmer Fergo, Mr. JACOB W. M'CURDY, to Miss ELLEN WATSON, both of this city.

On the 19th inst. by Rev. Hotchkiss, Esq. Mr. GEO. BAYMONT, of Philadelphia, to the amiable CATHARINE BARRENS, of Frankford, Philadelphia county.

On Thursday evening, 19th inst. by the Rev. J. C. Sears, Mr. JACOB STAUFFER, of Lancaster county, to Miss SARAH, only daughter of Mr. Francis Ehrb, merchant tailor, of this city.

On Thursday evening, 19th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Kava, Mr. WM. ASHMAN, of this city, to Miss REBECCA POMEROY, of the Northern Liberties.

DEATHS.

On the 2d inst. of scarlet fever, ABBY ANN, daughter of Joseph Hutchinson, aged 3 years and 7 months.

On Friday morning, 13th inst. of scarlet fever, WM. EARL, second son of Thos. and Eliza P. Bancroft, aged 4 years 3 months and 6 days.

On Tuesday evening, the 10th inst. in Bristol Pa. ANN CADEEN, wife of Robert Cadeen.

On the 9th inst. after a long and severe illness, JOSEPH DICKINSON, in the 41st year of his age.

On Wednesday evening, 11th instant, Mrs. HANNAH JANCARY, in the 93d year of her age.

On Wednesday, 18th inst. ALEXANDER, son of Wm. Wallace of the N. Liberties.

On Wednesday evening, of a protracted illness, Mr. EPHRAIM TEGRILL, in the 57th year of his age.

On Tuesday, 17th inst. of scarlet fever, RACHEL L. only daughter of David Boyd, in the 7th year of her age.

On Monday morning, 20th inst. SUSANNAH SMITH LAMB, infant daughter of Mr. Wm. Lamb.

On Sunday evening, 15th inst. JAS. WORTH, son of Thos. Shewell, in the 9th year of his age.

On the 9th inst. at the residence of her brother, Marks John Riddle, Esq. in the borough of Reading, Mrs. ELIZABETH ECKERT, relict of the late George Eckert, Esq. and daughter of the Honorable James Biddle, late President of the first judicial district of Pennsylvania.

On Monday evening, the 16th inst. after a short but severe illness, which she bore with christian fortitude, Mrs. SARAH ANN, wife of Joseph Justice, aged twenty-three years.

Suddenly, on Thursday morning, after a short but severe illness, Mrs. MARY, wife of Mr. Amos Hallman, respected in life, and regretted by all who knew her.

On Wednesday morning, 11th instant, JOSHUA BAILY, late merchant of this city.

On Thursday evening, 19th inst. WM. CROMWELL, son of James Graham.

In Warwick township, Bucks county, on the 5th inst. ROBERT HILLEBURNER, formerly of Philadelphia, and a member of the free coop, aged about sixty-five years.—His remains were interred in the Friends' burying ground, in Buckingham.

On Monday morning, 16th inst. after a lingering and tedious illness, which she sustained with christian fortitude, ROSANNA, consort of James Bell, in the 48th year of her age.

On Saturday night, Capt. ABIAH SHARPE, in the 56th year of his age.

On Monday, 16th inst. Mrs. ANNA MARIA EDEL, in the 70th year of her age.

On Sunday, 15th inst. after a severe illness, LEVY PHILLIPS, Esq. aged 76 years, formerly of Lancaster, Penn. and for many years a respectable merchant of the city.

On Sunday of catarrh fever, HARRIET ELIZABETH ANNE K. KEMP, aged 14 months, infant daughter of Elias K. Kemp.

On Saturday morning, after a lingering illness, Mr. CORNELIUS NAUHEIS, in the 44th year of his age.

Suddenly, on the 13th inst. ELIZABETH B. daughter of John K. Crellius, aged 8 months.

On Sunday morning 15th inst. Mrs. MARGARET LATIMER, relict of the late Geo. Latimer, Esq. in her 82d year.

On Friday morning, 13th inst. Mr. JOHN JOHNSON, jr. son of Mr. John Johnson, sen. of Bristol, Pa. in the 23d year of his age.

On Monday evening, 16th inst. of a short but severe illness which she bore with christian fortitude, Miss SARAH ANN, wife of Joseph Justice, aged 23 years.

On Tuesday, 17th inst. RACHEL L. only daughter of David Boyd, in the 7th year of her age.

On Tuesday evening, 17th inst. after a short but severe illness, JOHN LOVE, jr. aged 2 years, 7 months and 4 days.

At Camden, N. J. on the 18th inst. after a severe illness, Mr. HANSON GREEN, in the 58th year of his age.

ALARMING TEMPEST AT CONSTANTINOPLE.

—Accounts from Constantinople, dated Oct. 10, the [illegible] on the 8th ult. a general phenomenon [illegible] and the effects of which have been most direful and active, added with terror the inhabitants of this country, who are at the same time suffering under all kinds of evils. After an uncommonly sultry night, threatening clouds rose about six in the morning, in the horizon to the south west, and a noise between thunder and tempest, and yet not to be compared to either, increased every moment, and the inhabitants of the capital, roused from their sleep awaited with anxious expectation, the issue of this threatening phenomenon. Their uncertainty, was not of long duration. Lumps of ice as large as a man's foot falling, first singly, and then like a thick shower of stones, which destroyed every thing that they came in contact with. The oldest persons do not remember ever to have seen such hail stones. Some were picked up half an hour afterwards, which weighed above a pound.

THE CHOLERA AT SUNDERLAND.—A letter has been received at the Department of State, from the American Consul at Hull, confirming the fact of the existence of the malignant Cholera at Sunderland. The letter says:—"The physician sent from London by Government, has declared the disease to be the Indian Cholera, and the board of health established there, has reported it to be the same. Since my letter of the 5th, several cases have appeared, and from its commencement up to the 12th instant, 37 cases are reported to have terminated fatally, and 21 remain. It appears the disease has been confined to the poorest class of people, wanting proper food and clothing, and to those by whom cleanliness was not observed. All vessels clearing from the port of Sunderland are obliged to perform quarantine, previous to entering any other port in this country, and it is expected that should the disease continue to spread, all communication with this town will be prevented."

Traders should be wary.

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CONTENTS.

The Silver Serpents; or the two Trusts; Vocal Illusions. The Maid of Lyons. The Adventurous Lover. The Silver Serpents. The Maid of Lyons. Domestic Happiness. The Deserter. No. 31 Nine Pins. The Red Girl's Revenge. Female Beauty. United States Legal, Washington, 1831. United States Government, Washington, 1831. Congress; Knowledge and Patronage. Description of Washington. Public Buildings. Incorrigible writers and Vocal Illusions. Newspaper Patronage. Letter from a Boy to Boy. Female Influence. The Village Circle. The Pioneers of Massachusetts. Gabriel Lesney. School of Flora.—Labella Infantis, or Indian Tobacco, cont. Wit and Sentiment.

POETRY.

To Miss S. D., Weston. A first view of the Atlantic Ocean; Fall of Niagara Rock, by Lydia Gosling; Lines to ——, On hearing of the Fall of the Rock of Niagara, by Mrs. Hemans; A Parody; The Stars; What is the World; By-gone Days; Quite a long Week (since it is but one month); Epitaph; Epigram, &c.

☞ The terms of this monthly publication are $2 50 per annum, payable in advance, or $3 if not paid within the current year. Each number will contain 3 sheets, containing three full elegantly printed pages, in royal octavo form, stitched in a cover at the end of the year. Considering the quality of the engravings, the large number of original pieces in the Casket, it is, decidedly, the cheapest publication of the kind in the United States.

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jan 14—tf

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The Museum

Of Foreign Literature, Science and Art,

No. 115—FOR JANUARY, 1832.

CONTENTS.—Plates. John Wilson Croker, Esq.; View of Greenwich Hospital. Sign Inn. John Wilson Croker, Esq.; Description of the same; Sketches of Scenery in Ireland; Life of an Idler; Life of Dr. Goldsmith; Goldsmith's Epitaph on Garrick; Retort Courteous; Sketches of Scenery in Ireland

Theodore's friend scarcely knew him the next morning. He glanced at him and took no further notice. Time, the best way, though people there are who imagine that it rests with a man to a year, if he chooses to remain in it, or to become a bad one.

Theodore's feelings were more insupportable to him the second day than the first. He went here and there and everywhere, and no where could he remain two minutes at a time at rest. Then he was so abstracted. Crossing a street he was nearly run over by a vehicle and four. This for a moment awakened him. He saw London and B—— upon the panels of the coach. The box seat was empty; he asked if it was engaged. "No." He sprung upon it, and away they drove. "I'll see her once more," exclaimed Theodore, "it can but drive me mad or break my heart."

Within a mile of B—— a splendid barouche passed them. "Whose is that?" enquired Theodore.

"The young lord of the manor's," answered the driver. "Did you see the lady in it?"

"No."

"I caught a glimpse of her dress," said the driver. "I'll warrant she's a dashing one! The young squire they say, has a capital taste!" Theodore looked after the carriage. There was nothing but the road. The vehicle drove at a rapid pace, and was soon out of sight. Theodore's heart turned sick.

The moment the coach stopped he alighted; and with a maddening mind he stood at the door which had often admitted him to his Rosalie. It was opened by a domestic whom he had never seen before. "Was Miss Willford within?" "No." "When would she return?" "Never. She had gone that morning to London to be married!" Theodore made no further inquiries, neither did he offer to go, but stood glaring upon the man more like a spectre than a human being. "Any thing more!" said the man, retreating into the house, and gradually closing the door, through which now only a portion of his face could be seen. "Any thing more!" Theodore made no reply; in fact, he had lost all consciousness. At last the shutting of the door, which, half from panic, half from anger, the man pushed violently to, aroused him. "I shall knock at you no more!" said he, and departed, pressing his heart with his hand, and moving his limbs as if he cared not how, or whither they bore him. A gate suddenly stopped his progress; it was the entrance to the green lane. He stepped over the stile—he was on the spot where he had parted last from Rosalie—where she had flung her arms about his neck and wept upon it. His heart began to melt, for the first time since he had received her letter; a sense of suffocation came over him, till he felt as if he would choke. The name of Rosalia was on his tongue; twice he attempted to articulate it, but could not. At last it got vent in a convulsive sob, which was followed by a torrent of tears. He threw himself upon the ground—he wept on—he made no effort to check the flood, but let it flow till forgetfulness stopped it.

He rose with a sensation of intense cold. 'Twas morning. He had slept! Would he had slept on! He turned from the sun, as it rose without a cloud upon the wedding morn of Rosalie. 'Twas Thursday. He repassed the stile; and, in a few minutes, was on his road to London, which he entered about eleven o'clock at night, and straight proceeded to his friend's. They were gone to bed.

"Give me a light," said Theodore, "I'll go to bed."

"Your bed is occupied, sir," replied the serv't.

"Is it!" said Theodore; "well, I can sleep upon the carpet." He turned into the parlor, drew a chair towards the table, upon which the servant had placed a light, and sat down. All was quiet for a time. Presently he heard a foot upon the stair; 'twas his friend's, who was descending, and now entered the parlor.

"I thought you were a-bed," said Theodore.

"So I was," replied his friend, "but hearing your voice in the hall, I rose and came down to you." He drew a chair opposite to Theodore. Both were silent for a time; at length Theodore spoke.

"Rosalie is married," said he.

"I don't believe it."

"She is going to be married to the young lord of the manor."

"I don't believe it."

"She came to town with him yesterday."

"I don't believe it."

Theodore pushed back his chair, and stared at his friend.

"What do you mean!" said Theodore.

"I mean that I entertain some doubts as to the accuracy of your grounds for concluding that Rosalie is inconstant to you."

"Did I not read the proof of it in the public papers?"

"The statement may have been erroneous."

"Did not her own letter assure me of it!"

"You may have misunderstood it."

"I tell you I have been at B——, I have been at her house. I inquired for her, and was told she had gone up to London to be married! O my friend," continued he, covering his eyes with his handkerchief, "'tis useless to deceive ourselves. I am a ruined man! You see to what she has reduced me. I shall never be myself again! Myself! I tell you I exist in *her* being more than my own. She was the soul of all I thought, and felt, and did; the primal, vivifying principle! She has murdered me! I breathe, it is true, and the blood is in my veins, and circulates; but every thing else about me is death—hopes! wishes, interests!—there is no pulse, no respiration there!" I should not be sorry were there none any where else! Feel my hand," added he, reaching it across the table, without removing his handkerchief from his eyes; for the sense of his desolation had utterly unmanned him, and his tears continued to flow. "Feel my hand. Does it not burn. A hearty fever, now, would be a friend," continued he, "and I think I have done my best to merit a call from such a visiter. The whole of the night before last I slept not in the open air. Guess where I took my bed. In the green lane—the spot where I parted last from Rosalie!" He felt a tear drop upon the hand which he had extended—the tear was followed by the pressure of a lip. He uncovered his eyes, and turning them in wonderment to look upon his friend—beheld Rosalie sitting opposite to him!

For a moment or two he questioned the evidence of his senses—but soon was he convinced that it was indeed reality; for Rosalie, quitting her seat, approached him, and breathing his name with an accent that infused ecstasy into his soul, threw herself into his arms, that doubtingly opened to receive her.

Looking over her father's papers, Rosalie had found a more recent will, in which her union with Theodore had been fully sanctioned, and he himself constituted her guardian until it should take place. She was aware that his success in London had been doubtful; the generous girl determined that he should no longer be subject to incertitude and disappointment; and she playfully wrote the letter which was a source of such distraction to her lover. From his answer she saw that he had totally misinterpreted her: she resolved in person to disabuse him of the error; and by offering to become his wife, at once to give him the most convincing proof of her sincerity and constancy. She arrived in London the very day that Theodore arrived in B——. His friend, who had known her from her infancy, received her as his daughter; and he and his wife listened with delight to the unfolding of her plans and intentions, which she freely confided to them. Late they sat up for Theodore that night, and when all hopes of his coming home were abandoned, Rosalie became the occupant of his bed. The next night, in a state of the most distressing anxiety, in consequence of his continued absence, she had just retired to her apartment, when a knock at the door made her bound from her couch, upon which she had that moment thrown herself, and presently she heard her lover's voice at the foot of the stair. Scarcely knowing what she did, she attired herself, descended, opened the parlor door unperceived by Theodore, and took the place of their friendly host, who, the moment he saw her, beckoned her, and resigning his stair to her, withdrew.

The next evening a select party were assembled in the curate's little drawing-room, and Theodore and Rosalie were there. The lady of the house motioned the latter to approach her; she rose and was crossing Theodore, when he caught her by the hand and drew her upon his knee.

"Theodore!" exclaimed the fair one, coloring.

"My wife!" was his reply, while he imprinted a kiss upon her lips. They had been married that morning.

Who can see worse days than he that, yet living, doth follow at the funeral of his own reputation?

Evening Post.

☞ **This paper has a greater circulation in this city than any other—it has patrons in every ward, and in nearly every principal town in the Union. Upwards of 11,000 papers are distributed every week, and the number of subscribers is rapidly increasing.**

The British government is now devising plans to send out to the colonies unmarried females, between the ages of 18 and 30. Money to pay their passage is to be furnished. As the export is only contemplated to the colonies, we do not know that this country is particularly interested in the scheme; but the case may easily be imagined in which a "protecting duty" would be necessary, if many of the unmarried females should find their way to this country. It is probable that this shipment of females is to be made to supply the distant colonies with wives, as it is obvious that in all new settlements the number of males greatly exceeds that of females. The idea is, nevertheless, somewhat laughable; and if we were among the colonists, and a score of years younger, we should inquire closely whether the consignments squalled the warranty of the bills of lading, viz—"in good order and well conditioned."

The editor of the Banner of the Constitution, concludes an article in relation to Stephen Girard with this paragraph:—"For the last five years Mr. Girard confined himself altogether to a very exhibarating, sustaining entirely from animal food, in consequence of a liability to Erysipelas. He took but a gentle exercise, but living individual subsistence did not cost more than twenty cents a day. He never exhibited any concern about life, nor had he any fear of death. He used to say that a man who would leave off business because he thought he had enough, had very erroneous views—that he attached no more importance to his wealth, than he did to his old shoes; but, so fully was he impressed with the idea that active employment was one of the greatest duties of life, that he said about a month ago to our informant, "when death comes for me, he will find me busy, unless I am asleep in bed." The remark that he would plant a tree to-day, if he thought he would die to-morrow, was made to our informant; to whom he also stated his age, as we have given it, (in his 83d year.")

We see that a part of the money collected in New York for the Poles, has been received in Paris, and appropriated to the comfort and sustenance of those patriots who could no longer defend their own soil. This perhaps was as legitimate a direction of the money as if it had been given to aid them in achieving their liberties.

The money collected in this city by the committee emanating from the young men's meeting, (not that which authorized the enlistment of soldiers) amounted to the net sum of $501 74, including several donations of private individuals, all acknowledged at the time of receipt, in the public papers. This sum the treasurer, after his accounts had been audited by the committee of superintendence, transmitted to New York, to be forwarded to furtherance of the purposes for which it had been raised.

The following particulars of the increasing consumption of coal are taken from the last *Report of the President and Managers of the Schuylkill Navigation Company.* The early arrival of the winter lessened the supply of this article to the amount of 15,000 or 20,000 tons, for which, it is stated, a ready market could have been found, in addition to what had come down. The prospects for the present year are encouraging. The consumption of 1831 nearly doubled that of 1830, and bids fair to go on in an increased ratio. In 1830 the coal consumed from the various Pennsylvania mines amounted to 115,502 tons; the consumption in 1831 was 226,511 tons. It is thought the demand for the present year will be 350,000 tons.

A New Trick.—Last evening a genteelly dressed sharper called at a grocery near the junction of William and Duane streets, and ordered three bottles of wine to be sent into the residence of a respectable neighbor well known at the store as one of its customers. The fellow, being in a hurry, wished to pay for the wine, and gave a ten dollar note, which the shopkeeper immediately exchanged—all suspicion being lulled by the supposed destination of the liquor—and the purchaser walked off with seven good dollars clear gain. Not yet entirely satisfied, however, he waited in front of the house named, in William street, and soon received the wine also, from the boy sent to deliver it. But instead of taking it into the house, he put the bottles in his pockets, and trudged off in another direction, with the intent doubtless to enjoy the spoils at his leisure. It was soon discovered that the ten-dollar bill was spurious; but the wine had evaporated, the money had taken to itself wings, and the scoundrel—is not yet in Bridewell.—*N. York Jour.*

BARNSTABLE, (Mass.) Jan. 12.—A gentleman of this town had a valuable cow on Monday last. On examination it was found that its death was occasioned by a nail needle of about four inches in length, which passed through the intestines in several places, and, through or near the heart. From appearances it was supposed that the needle had been swallowed or entered through her side, some months before it caused her death.

LITHOGRAPHIC STONE.—The Kingston (C.) Patriot states that a Mr. Tazewell of that place has discovered in the immediate neighbourhood, a stratum of stone perfectly adapted for the uses of Lithography. The stratum is known by the name of the "three foot bed," and may be traced for many miles in every direction from Kingston. We believe this article has been heretofore imported, of course of considerable expense; the discovery of so large a quantity so near at hand will enable Americans to this department of art to furnish the results of their labors at such a reduced price as will come within the compass of the most moderate pecuniary ability. The discoverer has already executed a plan of Kingston, said to be a handsome style, and proposes within a short time to furnish a sketch of the plan of York.

Extract of a letter dated Barrington, December 23, received at Halifax: The brig Eclipse was wrecked on the west part of Cape Sable, night of 21st Dec. The vessel immediately went to pieces, and all on board have met with a watery grave—no bodies have yet been cast ashore—about six or seven hundred barrels of flour have been driven ashore. A person has just arrived from the wreck, and reports that a newspaper has been found, dated New York, Dec. 14. The above vessel belongs to Mr. J. Brown of this place, and was on her way from New York hither, having loaded at Pictou for that port. We understand she was insured at Howard's for 1000.—The Eclipse sailed from New York Dec. 19th.—Winn, master, with a mate and five men. No passengers.

SEDUCTION.—The case of Langridge vs. Gibson, for the seduction of his wife, took place last week in the Court of Common Pleas of this county. N. P. and W. W. Fetterman, Esqrs. were counsel for the plaintiff and R. Burke, Esq. for defendant. After examination of witnesses and eloquent and ingenious arguments of the counsel, on both sides, the Jury retired and brought in a verdict of $2,500 damages. It is said that the defendant is not worth more than from twelve to fifteen hundred dollars.—*Pittsburgh paper.*

SAVE YOUR ASHES.—It is a well attested fact, that the fine ashes of Schuylkill coal will make an excellent fire, if made into balls of the consistence of thick mortar. A friend of mine showed me a fire last evening made of these ash balls, which had been burning six hours, and was then as good and as warm a fire, as it would have been if he had made it wholly of coal. The manner in which these balls are made, is as follows: mix water with the fine ashes of the coal, and then make them into balls about the size of a large egg: let the grate be half full of coal, and fill it with these balls, then put on the blower, and in a few minutes it will be in a blaze and make a good fire.—*N. Y. Amer.*

RICHMOND, Jan. 13.—*It is said*, that the Committee on Colored Population have determined to recommend an annual appropriation of $100,000 towards the removal of the free people of color. More was moved, but it failed. We hail *this measure* with great satisfaction.—*Enquirer.*

For the Saturday Evening Post.

MR. EDITOR,—I feel myself unusually agitated; the "why and wherefore" you will learn in time. I shall proceed to state:

First, let me inform you that I reside in Northwark, and that I belong to a Bible association of the district. On last Wednesday morning, about eight o'clock, while I was enjoying my meal at breakfast, I heard the most heart rending cries, from—which quarter, as all districts know, they say, do you belong to the Impossible Township? that there was a fire in a north east direction from the State House. Instantly a cup of coal ashes, and of sugar, one of well tempered tea-kettle boiling water, I proceeded, forthwith, to supply my self to less than a minute I was at our Bible house, and in less than another, we were on our way up Third street, at our usual speed, which between you and me is "never to lag." Well, sir, we voyaged and sailed, we hill and dale, sometimes were obliged to wade, and some stopping on some nearly take of air, to the amount of a cargo of whale boats, until we got above Arch street. Here we were stopped by some city watchmen or firemen. Upon inquiring we were informed that a considerable fire had existed some hour or two previous, on Second street, near the Globe Mill.

NOW, Mr. Editor, the reason why I feel myself chagrined is, that though times and places being duly adjusted at the fire, proved to be correct to a T, as far as they had chronometrical time called to mind, for the express purpose, it seems to me, of making us authors the laughs and jests of our Northern friends. I appeal to you, sir, to know if this be honourable. If the uptown companies want to show their superior activity, all we of Southwark ask, is a

FAIR START.

Reported for the Saturday Evening Post.

PROCEEDINGS OF COUNCILS.

At a meeting of Councils on Thursday evening a third communication was received from the executors of Mr. Girard's will, containing a further description of Real Estate purchased since the last republication of the Will, namely, the 30th of June, 1831.

SCHEDULE of the Real Estate of Stephen Girard, purchased subsequent to the 30th June, 1831.

Dec. 2.	Two houses and lots on Walnut street, between Second and Dock streets, Nos. 83 and 85, and one house and lot on Dock street, No. 81,	$10,158 87
" 27.	A lot of land in Passyunk township, containing 60 acres, 97 perches, per deed of the date,	6,558 81
" "	A ground rent $25 00 per annum, payable by Philip Smith, out of a lot of ground in Sassafras street, between Second and Fourth streets, the 30th March and September, in every year, per deed of this date,	349 74
Nov. 2.	A lot of ground on the north east corner of Lucas's street, west of Sixth street, per deed of the date,	3,500 00
" 2.	A lot of ground on the north east corner of Canal and John street, per deed of the date,	1,000 00
" 4.	A house and lot in south Third street, No. 46, per deed of the date,	14,000 00
Dec. 1.	A messuage and lot of ground in Passyunk Township, having a front on Schuylkill, per deed of this date,	1,000 00
		$37,567 42
	Dollars,	854 41
		$38,421 83

Mr. DUNCAN of the Select Council, offered a resolution to the latter, that the articles of agreement entered into on the 6th of January 1826, between the city of Philadelphia and the Township of Moyamensing, for supplying said township with Schuylkill water, be approved and confirmed, which was adopted.

Mr. DUNCAN, as chairman of the committee on Wills' Legacy, made a report on the subject of erecting an Asylum for the Indigent Blind, as directed by the testator. The plan of the building was also submitted. The whole cost estimated at sixteen thousand dollars. The report was accepted and the committee authorized to make contracts to carry their plan into effect.

Mr. HAND, of the Common Council, from the Committee on Markets, to whom was referred the Victuallers' Petition, reported that they are of opinion that the new Ordinances which will shortly go into operation, will in a great degree meet the requests of said petitioners, and afford them all necessary protection. The report was adopted and the committee released from the further consideration of the subject.

A communication was received from the Trustees of Stephen Girard's Bank, stating that there are several Real Estates belonging to the estate of Stephen Girard, Esq. which stand on the books of the Bank, as part of the capital stock thereof. Also that there are circumstances connected with some of this property, which in the opinion of the Trustees, will require early attention. The letter was referred to a special committee.

THE CHEROKEE INDIANS.

The following letter is published for the information of those citizens whose sympathies have been generously awakened for the Cherokee Indians, in the present lamentable crisis of their affairs, and who may therefore be disposed to contribute pecuniary succor for the relief of that unprotected part of the tribe, before us. The individuals to whom the communication is addressed, will receive and hand to the agent all donations which may be deposited with them for that purpose.

PHILADELPHIA, JANUARY 12, 1832.

To Dr. ROBERT HARE, ROBERTS VAUX, Esq. WILLIAM M. MEREDITH, Esq. and Dr. CASPAR WISTAR.

GENTLEMEN,

I have been authorized by the Cherokees, through their General Council, at its last session, to visit parts of the United States, for the purpose of asking pecuniary assistance in their present difficulties. Being the first application of the kind they ever chose to make, it is proper that I should state the circumstances which have rendered such an application necessary.

Since the commencement of their difficulties with the State of Georgia and the General Government, they have been unremittable. Aside from the ordinary demands of their government, it has been necessary for them to send a delegation to Washington during each session of Congress, for the purpose of remonstrating their cause before the representatives of the American people. The latter delegation, which arrived in the city of Washington on the 4th of December last, is now there. Being unable to employ counsel, they have assumed legal ground in that state, for the protection and aid of such as may be prosecuted under those laws. Being destitute, moreover, of funds, the laws of Georgia compel to the judiciary of the United States, and thus bar the question of jurisdiction against precedent; they have retained counsel for that purpose.

To support all these, to them important objects, they have depended upon their annuity. That, amounting to but 6,000 and sixty-six dollars, being all that remains of the consideration of upwards of ten millions of acres ceded by the Cherokees to the United States at different times by treaty, has constituted their whole pecuniary resources. The delegation, therefore, on leaving home for the United States, found the last year it had been unprepared to remunerate with treaty appointees, to the amount of one thousand dollars. Since the organization of the Cherokee Government, it has been paid into the Treasury, and the receipt of the Treasurer has been considered as sufficient evidence. That money, which previously to the organization of these institutions was about adequate to the expenses of the Cherokee Government, is now withheld by an order of the Executive. Instead of paying it to the nation, no change has been made or direction given for the payment of fifty cents to each individual. That attempt has thus far failed, and the money now lies in the hands of the U. S. Agent.

To relieve themselves from this unexpected embarrassment, the Cherokees have been resorted to loans and private individuals. In that way they have those who they could, but their means are far from being adequate to their wants.

The foregoing is a simple statement of the circumstances which have compelled the Cherokees to ask of their friends pecuniary aid. Those who are acquainted with their distressed condition will appreciate their motives, and under no other circumstances they are entitled to any assistance.

It has been frequently asserted, and unfortunately believed to some extent, that the Chiefs and a few other individuals have appropriated to themselves the annuity upon which they have lived sumptuously, and that for the purpose of benefiting the mass of the people the Executive has ordered that annuity to be paid to individuals. This is a great mistake, and it is said only to misrepresent the leaders of the Cherokees. They cannot live sumptuously, if they were so disposed, upon the small pittance which they receive from their people.

For the information of the friends of the afflicted Cherokees, you have the liberty of using the same in any way you think proper.

With sentiments of high esteem and respect,

I remain yours, &c.

ELIAS BOUDINOT,

A Native of the Cherokee Nation.

With the favorable representations of the above gentleman I cheerfully unite, and answer that he enjoys the confidence of the Cherokee People and of the Missionaries.

JOHN RIDGE,

A native, and one of the Cherokee Delegation authorized as stated at Washington City, 18th January, 1832.

A young man having on a dark blue coat was seen to fall through the ice on Sunday afternoon, at the Delaware opposite to Race street wharf. A boat was immediately pushed off to their assistance, but it was too late; after struggling a short time, he was swept away by the tide, and nothing further was seen of him. His hat was left on the ice; it contained a small book. Perhaps some friends of the deceased might recognise the address and identify their owner, by calling at the Arch street ferry house, where they are left.

SINGULAR CIRCUMSTANCE.—Yesterday a young lad who was engaged with several others in throwing snow balls, on the vacant lot at the corner of Market-street and East Broadway, discovered a human hand buried in the snow. The boys were frightened, and running out exclaimed that there was a dead body, in the snow. A number of persons gathered around, and after search a human foot was discovered at some distance from where the hand had been, both appeared to be recently cut off, and the hand was much chopped, as if it had been unskilfully taken from the arm. The extremities were brought to the Police Office, and a further search afterwards made, but nothing more as discovered.—*New York Courier.*

TRENTON, (N. J.) Jan. 14.

The great suit in Chancery, wherein Joseph Hendrickson is plaintiff, and Thomas L. Shotwell, defendant, involving the claims of the two parties in the Quaker Society, distinguished by the appellation of "Hicksites" and Orthodox," came up for argument, at a special court, on Tuesday of last week, and engrossed the whole of that week, and Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday of this.

An all engrossing interest has prevailed in the Society of Friends and the public, because of the large amount of property held by that society, the title to which will be determined by this suit: and it has enlisted a large share of attention in the christian community, because of its settling the claims of the conflicting parties to the possession of genuine Quakerism—the principles held and promulgated by the founders and fathers of this respectable and numerous society.

It is within the knowledge of our readers, that a schism, powerful in numbers and respectability, has been distracting this hitherto peaceful sect for several years past, and this suit has grown out of it, under the following circumstances:—A considerable sum of money was contributed by individuals to constitute a school fund for the education of the children of the Society, at the Chesterfield Meeting, in Burlington county, which fund was placed in the charge of trustees, and the complainant in this suit was appointed treasurer of this fund, long before the division in the society took place. The defendant borrowed two thousand dollars of this money, and gave a bond and mortgage to Hendrickson, as treasurer, or his successor in office. Hendrickson adhered to the party called "Orthodox," and the "Hicksites," who were the majority at that place, elected Stacy Decow treasurer of the fund, who claimed the payment of the money as successor to Hendrickson. Thus there were two treasurers to this fund, claiming the payment of this money, and this suit is brought, to test by legal principles and equity, which of these parties are entitled to the possession and benefit of the fund.

Hendrickson, in his bill, charges the "Hicksites" with seceding from the society—holding to doctrines repugnant to christianity, and to the principles of the church. In their answer, they claim to be the society and decline answering to the inquiry into their religious doctrines and opinions, declaring it immaterial to the point at issue, and protest against the appellation of "Hicksites."

A wide field of inquiry has been gone over in this cause, touching the early history of the society, its doctrines and church government; two immense volumes of testimony have been taken at Camden, before J. J. Foster, Esq. master in the court, which have been printed; a larger body of testimony, perhaps, than has ever before been accumulated in any court in this country.

Counsel, the most eminent in the state, were employed by both parties, and the pleadings were opened by George Wood, Esq. for the plaintiff, who spoke for two days—he was then replied to by Garret D. Wall, Esq. on the part of the defendant, who occupied the court till Saturday noon, when he was followed, on the same side, by Attorney General Southard, who spoke that afternoon, all Monday and Tuesday morning, when Gov. Williamson took the floor, in reply, and closed the pleading on Wednesday evening. The decision of the court will not be made known before the next term, which we believe is held in April.

Perhaps no cause has come up for adjudication before any of the courts in our states, in which property to so large an amount, and principles of so important and interesting a character have been involved. And during the sitting of the court a lively interest was exhibited, not only by the members of the society, but by the citizens generally. The court commenced its session in the council Chamber, but it was found entirely too small to admit the audience, and the better to accomodate the people, they adjourned to the Assembly Room, which was each day crowded by the Friends, our most intelligent and respectable citizens, and a numerous attendance of ladies. Our engagements at home debarred us the gratification of hearing Mr. Wood and Mr. Wall, who we understand fully sustained their well earned reputation at the bar; but we heard a part of Mr. Southward's argument and the whole of Gov. Williamson's reply. These gentlemen stand not in need of our humble praise; their reputation is well known but we must be allowed to express the delight with which we listened to the legal acumen, and thrilling eloquence of the former, and the powerful and refreshing interest which the latter imparted to what we conceived to be an exhausted subject.—*National Union.*

From the Cincinnati Gazette, Jan. 9.

LOSS OR STEAMBOATS.—On Saturday morning, about 5 o'clock, the ice in the Ohio river broke, and occasioned great damage to the Steam Boats lying at our wharf. For several days previous, the weather had been open, and considerable rain had fallen, which produced a rise in the river. We give below, as correct a statement of the damage done, as we have been able to collect.

S. B. Lady Washington, sunk and destroyed. Owned by Messrs. Graham, Close and Chatfield. No insurance. Furniture and Machinery saved. Damage estimated at from 3 to 4000 dollars.

S. B. New Jersey, sunk and destroyed. Owned by Aaron Hart of Pittsburgh. The crew and captain narrowly escaped with their lives. Furniture and part of machinery saved. Insured for $10,000—by the Cincinnati Insurance Co. for 5000, and by the Ohio Insurance Co. for 5000.

S. B. Chesapeake, sunk. She was full loaded for New Orleans. Part of her cargo and furniture saved. Fate of boat still uncertain—crew engaged in dismantling her. Owned by Messrs. Dolan, Irwin, and others of Pittsburgh. Insured for $3000 in Ohio Insurance Co. and at Louisville for $8000.

The ice continued to run at intervals from Saturday morning till Sunday about 2 o'clock P. M., when it moved off with great force, leaving the river in some measure clear, and from 5 to 6 feet lower. The fall of the water has left the steam boats Companion, Senator, Robert Fulton and Guyasuteta dry up on the wharf. These boats have as yet sustained but little damage.

The number of flat boats, keels, &c. loaded and unloaded, which have been stove and sunk, is estimated at about 20.

The different Insurance Offices of the city have declined taking ice risks for the present.

A DARING ACT OF HORSE-STEALING.—Doctor J. Riley's horse was taken from a rack situated on Bridge street, one of the most public streets in our town, about dusk on Monday last—the Doctor had not been absent from his horse more than 10 or 15 minutes. Happily, however, for society, this ruffian has been cut short in his mad career, for a time at least—wending his way towards Baltimore, he stopped at Bensburgh, ordered supper for himself and feed for his horse. After regaling himself upon the best *mess* Rose could afford, he boldly declared he was destitute of the *needful*, which is an essential requisite to travellers who are fond of good eating and drinking. But this *Peg*, who it seems followed the system of taxing the honest part of the community for his expensive mode of living and luxurious habit, made fair promises, and stated he was journeying in Washington; but when he mounted his steed, took the opposite direction. This excited the suspicion of the *Lynx*-eyed landlord, Mr. Gibbs, himself, and son followed on immediately, determined to extinguish the matter further; the thief perceiving them, put the horse up at full speed; the Gibbs' wide awake and full of fun, and good horsemen, at that gave chase and were coming fast upon him, which he quickly discovered, dismounted and left his charger as part security and gave them legtail for the balance.

Determined not to be outdone, they pursued him through the bushes, over hill and dale, and succeeded in running him to a country church; when discovered, he was snugly stowed in the pulpit—they not considering it a proper place for such a lump of sin, dragged him from his place of supposed safety, secured him for the night, and he is now safely confined in Washington jail, a candidate for Penitentiary honours.

While eating his meal at Gibbs' he levied a contribution and pocketed a silver spoon,—and had in his possession, 12 or 13 new handkerchiefs, chiefly black, first quality, with other articles, chiefly black, he plundered. He is quite a genteel, stout looking fellow, 5 feet 8 or 9 inches high, stout, looking-fellow, 5 feet 8 or 9 inches high stout, looking-fellow, 5 feet 8 or 9 years of age, of resolute countenance, 25 or 30 years of age, resolute himself. Wm. B. Lawrence, has likewise passed by the name of Jas. B. Mitchel.—*Georgetown Columbian.*

LOWELL, Mass. Dec. 22.—A rather singular occurrence took place a few days ago. A horse and sleigh were left standing in front of the Washington Hotel, when the horse took fright and ran directly up Central street at the top of his speed; on the way he was met by two ladies in another sleigh, one of whom became frightened, and in attempting to leap out, landed directly into the sleigh drawn by the frightened horse, and was carried back to the top of Chapel Hill before the horse could be stopped. She met with no further mishap than the lengthening of herride in about an equal pace with the heightening of her fright.—*Journal.*

MR. GIRARD'S WILL.—We have looked over the several items in the will of Mr. Girard with much interest; and we believe that the conviction on the mind of every man who reads it, will be that this munificent donor considered himself merely as an agent or steward, who was to account for the manner in which he disposed of his immense wealth; and that his anxious wish was to make such a disposition of it as would produce the greatest possible good. The Philadelphians may well be proud of having had such a citizen; for he has discharged his duty and fulfilled his destiny like a philanthropist and benefactor, and left behind him those who for generations will revere his name and cherish his memory. We give in our paper of to-day an abstract of his will, which clearly evinces that Mr. Girard looked upon the wealth and prosperity of individuals as blessings that are given in trust, to be used and dispensed for the common good of society.—*Pittsburgh Statesman.*

The editor of the Boston Morning Post, holds the following language, with reference to our city:—

"*Philadelphia.*—It is indeed a matter of marvel, as well as admiration, that this magnificent city should have been blessed—yea, thrice blessed with the wisdom, the patriotism, and the munificence of three such eminent and extraordinary men as Penn, and Franklin and Girard. Neither of them natives of the city, two of them foreigners of different countries, always rivals and enemies—the other an adventurer from New England; one born in London, one in Boston, the other in Bordeaux; yet all vieing, as it were, in doing honor to the home of their adoption, and leaving a monument of gratitude, to perpetuate its pilaging and burning as intercept the different passages leading to the post office. The fires are at this moment tremendous—loss of property incalculable. There is not a single individual to oppose them; so, how it will terminate no one can say. They were passed yesterday by the workmen from Gruscile, and all the surrounding country, and are well supplied with arms and ammunition.—*Morning paper.*

From the Paris Moniteur.

LYONS, Friday, Nov. 25.

If the Government shall attack Lyons, it will be reduced to ashes before 40,000 workmen wager arms will surrender. If insurers will adopt the tariff, all will be arranged without shedding of one more of French blood. I hope and believe this will be the case. The bulletin does not contain another word, but it harmonizes with the account given by the Government that the workmen are ready to return to their labor on having the tariff adopted. The adoption of that tariff is, of course a concession made to the workmen—but a momentary concession is certainly much better than a civil war.

M. Laurent de St. Jules, merchant of London was arrested this morning.

A despatch received by the Government, also dated on the 26th, says:—"The theatres and shops are opened, the tranquility is perfect."

The following brief account of the cause of the riotous proceedings of the Lyons workmen is from a writer apparently disposed to place their conduct in the least unfavorable light:—

The tariff of prices which they were pleased to adopt, was publicly posted up in the city, with the knowledge and approbation of the Prefect.—A short time afterwards, the manufacturers, whose assent to the arrangement appears never to have been cordial, did not indeed attempt to offer lower wages than were agreed on, but contrived, even more effectually, to neutralize the effect of the tariff by stopping their looms, and even countermanding the pieces of work which had been commenced; thus throwing between 30 and 40,000 artisans out of employ. This measure appears to have goaded the men into a state of madness, and they have risen in despair against those whom they consider as their oppressors.

A few days before the riot occurred, they assembled to take into consideration their frightful situation, and to adopt necessary measures from which to extricate themselves. At the meeting the whole blame was laid to the manufacturers, and they fully determined to wreak their vengeance on them this day, by breaking open their counting-houses, cutting their silk, &c.

SAVANA, Oct. 19.—"That dreadful scourge the cholera morbus is making fearful ravages in this city, having in all probability been brought from Alexandria, where by the last accounts eight hundred persons were dying daily. Here it commenced in the Jew quarter, but it is now disseminated all over the city, causing in many instances, such sudden death, that there is no time to call in medical aid. The mortality occurs principally at night, and few who are attacked survive. Up to this day none of the English Factory, or residents have been attacked. Trade is suspended. At Constantinople the cholera has ceased, and trade is rather reviving.

A duel took place in Kingston, Esq. in the month of November, between William Gregg Esqr. of that place, and Mr. Sykes, who is stated in the English papers to be a Captain in the American Navy. We do not find such a name in the Navy list. The quarrel arose from a dispute about the character of the Marquis of Londonderry. Lieut. Jones of the Royal Navy, on the part of Mr. Gregg, and Mr. Marsden, of New York, on the part of Capt. Sykes, arranged the meeting. Two shots were exchanged without any effect, and both parties left the ground without any reconciliation.

RIOTS IN IRELAND, AND LOSS OF LIVES.

Dublin, Monday, Nov. 28.—An account reached town this morning of a dreadful affray between a party of military and police, and a body of the peasantry, at a place called Clonevin, in the county of Kilkenny, eight miles from Carlow, and three from Castlecomer. It appears that on Tuesday the police arrested eight persons in that neighbourhood charged with "whiteboyism," and also seized several stand of arms. In consequence, it is said, of the difficulty experienced in procuring a magistrate to commit the prisoners, they were detained in custody of the police till Friday evening. The police, being apprehensive of a rescue, sought the aid of a military party, and on that evening twenty men of the 76th regiment, commanded by Captain Mathew, arrived to their assistance. They had scarcely arrived at the barrack-gate, on their way to the county jail in Kelkenny, when the friends and relatives of the prisoners pressed so closely around the party, that Captain Mathew called on his troop to form in square, and remonstrated with the crowd, but without avail. So far two accounts I have seen agree; but the disastrous result, and the circumstances which immediately preceded it, are variously stated. One account states that the officer ordered a discharge of blank cartridges, which failed to disperse the crowd—that a volley was then sent with deadly effect among the peasantry, who were unarmed. It is also asserted that the firing was repeated and kept up after the multitude, who offered no retaliation, had dispersed. Five unfortunate men, named Great, Doyle, Hogan, Ring, and Shortall, were killed on the spot, and many were wounded—some dangerously.

The decision of the Court of Chancery of New Jersey, in the case of the steamboat Thomas will not be given until the April session.

Foreign Intelligence.

LATEST FROM EUROPE.

By the eastern mail we have received the Boston papers, containing extracts from the English papers brought by the London packet ship Columbia, Captain Delano.

It is said, observes the Globe, that the anti-reformers intend to try their strength on an immediate motion on the address.

The latest accounts from Lyons state that tranquility had been restored in that city. An account of the riots will be found below.

Numerous disturbances were taking place throughout Great Britain, growing out of the opposition to reform.

An affray attended with loss of life had occurred in Dublin.

A very large meeting of the working classes had been held in Manchester "for the purpose of agreeing upon a declaration of rights."

About 1,000 persons attended. Among the declarations adopted was one, that, "hereditary distinctions of birth are unnatural and opposed to every principal of justice."

Beautiful Hints at Lyons, France.

Lyons, Nov. 21.—I am sorry to inform you that this city still continues the scene of the scene of the greatest confusion and riot, by a contest between the manufacturers and workmen. The entrance of every street is guarded, and no one is suffered to pass unless to live in the street, and a guard is sent with him to his door.

Tuesday Morning.—At 8 o'clock this morning the firing re-commenced in several parts of the city. Several thousand workmen collected in the night at Batteaux, the other side of the Rhone, and have made themselves masters of all the bridges, and consequently cut off all communication of the Swiss side of the Rhone. A sharp cannonading is going on from the city, as also from the Croix Rosse, which is not yet taken. Up to ten o'clock I have seen carried past my window upwards of 300 killed and wounded. The numbers killed on the other side must be enormous, as every cannon brings a row of them down. I have just heard that Mr. Ajax, the shawl manufacturer, is shot, a Colonel of the line and six officers. In the first charge of cavalry, one officer and six men were killed, together with nine horses. M. Platzman, the elder, is wounded in the head; also Genetelet, of the house of Genetelet & Dubost, riband manufacturers—report says, he has since died.

Wednesday Morning, 3 o'clock.—Tremendous firing. The Hotel de Ville is taken by the rioters—also the powder magazine, and the whole city is at the fury of the mob. Houses are beginning to burn in all quarters, and large fires are lighted on all the public places, into which they throw all the books, stocks, furniture, &c. of the different houses they enter. The largest of the cotton factories, besides other people. Thus far accounts from Lyons. The Louisiana Advertiser believes to be the latest intelligence to this port by any steamer.

PHILADELPHIA PRICES OF STOCKS.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, by Jacob Barker, Jan. 30, 1832.

Philadelphia, Jan. 30, 1832.

THE OLIO

One adores only with one genius fill
So vast to act, so narrow human wit.

THE TALL GENTLEMAN'S APOLOGY.

Upbraid me not—I never swore
Eternal love to thee,
For thou art quite five feet high,
And I am six feet three.
I wonder, dear, how you supposed
That I would stoop so low—
The only answer can be this knot,
Enough to tax a beau.

Besides, you must confess, my love,
The height is common fair.
For were it usual we had a match,
Although we made a pair.
Matters, I know, are in a sad case of love,
But here's the horrid bore,—
The priest declares it you are one,
Then I at least am four.

'Tis true that giants are fierce and
That love has got no eyes,
But why should all my vows be heard
For one who has no ears?
And on our wedding day I'm sure
I'd leave you to the birds,
For you never saw a steeple, dear,
In the inside of a church.

'Tis usual for a wife to take
Her husband by the arm,
But grey hairs on me should I hint
A sort of fond alarm.
Even when my arm I offered you,
The opportunity to bore,
Convinced me either dear, would be
Nearly two sore.

I don't care I wear a glass,
Because my sight's not good,
Has it not a convincing way,
It magnifies your mood,
And though I use a mortar less,
In all its pride I hope
My wife will never look up to me
Through a Herschel's Telescope.

Then, fare-thee-well, my gentle one!
I will not grieving kiss,
I leave not hook my neck to gain
So cheap a loose
Nor will I weep lest I should hurt
So delicate a flower—
The tears that fall from such a height
Would be a thunder shower.

Farewell! and pray don't drown yourself
In a bason or a tub,
For that would be a sore disgrace
But if you ever love again,
Long to an amiable young man,
For why engage to six feet three.
A life that's but 5 span.

For the Saturday Evening Post.

A ROGUE CHEATED.—A worthy Friend was stopped a few miles from London, and robbed. The highwayman insisted, likewise, upon their exchanging horses. When the Quaker returned to London, he clapped the bridle over the horse's head, and so followed the dumb creature to his proper stable. When the Quaker addressed the hostler, 'Friend, dost thou know any thing of this beast?' 'O, yes sir, it belongs to Mr.——;' 'Well, friend, do thee take care of it.' He immediately posted to the house of the tradesman, and was informed he was not expected home till late. Next morning he was early in his visit, and waited until the gentleman came down stairs, when he addressed him with, 'Don't be frightened friend, thou knowest thee borrowed of me yesterday, 9*h.* 11*m.*, and now I hope thee will have no objection to the return of it.' The tradesman immediately complied. 'Farther, said the Quaker, I must beg of thee to exchange horses once more,' for to tell the truth, I do not like thine so well as my own. This he likewise complied with; when the Quaker shaking him by the hand, very heartily bade him farewell.

The following anecdote is related in the Evangelical magazine:—"An African Preacher, speaking from 'What is a man profited if he gain the whole world, and lose his own soul?' mentioned amongst other things, that many lost their souls by being too charitable! Seeing the congregation astonished beyond measure at his saying, he very emphatically repeated it, and then proceeded to explain his meaning.

"'Many people,' said he, 'attend meeting, hear the sermon, and when it is over, they proceed to divide it among the congregation: this part was for that man, that part for that woman, such denunciations were for such persons; these threats for you sinners—and so continued the shrewd African, '*they give away the whole sermon, and keep none for themselves!*'"

TELL THE TRUTH AND SHAME THE DEVIL.—A few days since, a pane of glass at the Boylston School House was broken, and the Instructor inquired to know, not what boy did the mischief, but requested that the boy who did it should rise in his place and state how he did it, (the master not knowing whether the window was broken by one of the scholars or not,)—Upon which a lad very honestly and promptly stated that he did it, and also in what manner it was done. The father of the lad sent word to the teacher that he would send a glazier and repair the damage, but one of the sub-committee of the school returned for answer, that in such a case, where a boy had so manfully, fairly and fully acknowledged the fact, that the city would most cheerfully make good the damage itself.—*Boston Sentinel.*

A SAILOR'S FROLIC.—During all our cold weather jack tars, discharged from the United States vessels lately arrived in port, have been driving about, all hours, by day and by night, half seas over, three sheets in the wind, &c. &c. neither regarding cold, nor wind, nor rain, but cracking their jokes, singing their songs, and bidding defiance to the foul fiend. On Monday there was a great crowd of people collected at the foot of the market, it being a "hiring day" for servants, for the New Year. A whimsical son of Neptune twigging what was going on in the crowd, grappled a mess-mate (who was near foundering from having taken in an over dose of grog;) and hauled him into the midst of the ring, at the same time vociferating to the by-standers—"Holloa! shipmates, what will you give for this here lubberly goose?—for nothing you of a sea-cook—warranted to get drunk as often as he can get liquor!"

A peal of merriment broke forth from the crowd at this queer interruption, and a ragged wit answered the challenge by a bid of "a second-hand chew of tobacco." Upon which Jack, casting a look of withering contempt upon his rum-stricken bargain, exclaimed—"Why, how now, you beggarly rascal, do you hear that?" at the same time pushing him away with the utmost disdain. But his good humor was quickly restored on hearing some one call out, "I'll give a glass of grog for him," and he drew back the passive object of his mirth, exclaiming "That's something like—now turn round, you dirty vagabond, and make the gemman a bow for his generosity."—*Norfolk Herald.*

In the latest number of Blackwood's *Noctes*, one of the interlocutors observing that it is well to be prepared for a revolution, another is made to reply:—"*Intermot.* I have already put aside 10,000*l.* in the American funds, my cash; and moreover I have made a conquest, as we parliament house lads say, of a small craft of some fifty thousand acres, about forty of them cleared, towards the Alleghany region. *Omni forti solum patria*—that is to say, if you knock my old friend John Bull on the head, I mean to take up with brother Jonathan—who, after all, is a very decent fellow, and, in my opinion, more likely to have peace and quiet under his own fig-tree, by and by, than any other gentleman of our acquaintance."

The most confirmed drunkard we ever knew, was an old man in the land of pumpkins, who possessed the greatest of all possible abhorrence for Anti-temperance." Having drank nine mugs of cider at a neighbor's house one evening, he concluded to leave off in a pure denial by taking another. "I believe neighbor T," says old Gurzlefunction, "that I'll take another *draft* of your cider—I do like good cider, as well as any body, but as for swilling it down as some people do, I never could."

A Nobleman, wishing to have a drawing of his game-keeper, with his dog and gun, in the act of shooting, sent for a Painter, who drew a dog and a great tree. The Peer asked him where John was? "He answered, he is behind the tree." "Ay, right said my lord, John used to stand behind the tree it is an excellent likeness."

LIFE IN PHILADELPHIA.

AN UNCONNECTED TALE.

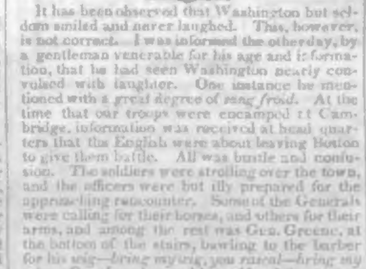
I found Mr. Sancho, for the first time, with the Ashes of a gentleman, paying his personal suit to Miss Dinah. He had contrived to instil drops of vanity into her heart, having first loaded her empty head with lumps of self-conceit. She was, as might be naturally expected, shewing off, with a huge hat and feathers in gradient trim.—Little did Sancho dream that his flattery would produce in her such speedy symptoms of gay flirtation. Another Romeo now urged his claim to the honor of galanting her in a promenade, and to this *fair Juliet* may be traced one of the much talked of "rejected addresses." Sancho, Dinah, and Romeo, were alike distinguished by the predominant colors, as well as preposterous cut, of their dresses, viz:—

Sancho.—Cravat, blue; waistcoat, pink; coat, black; hat, white; inexpressibles, yellow.

Dinah.—Feather, pink; hat, yellow; dress, red; trimmings, yellow.

Romeo.—Hat, black; cravat, pink; coat, sky-blue; pantaloons, yellow, black stripes; eye-glass ribbon, pink.

Sancho was in the act of addressing Dinah thus:



"Shall I hab de honor of *glanking* you to Fair Mount dis afternoon, Miss Dinah? hope you'll *squeeze de grape* inhitation, as"—to which the fair Dinah, interrupting him, replied—

"O, you already *squozed*, Mr. Sancho, only I made a *primyous engagement* to Mr. Romio."—but Romeo, fortured by long suspense and suffering, with hope and fear alternate, now interposed—"hope you not *gwine* to break your *engagement* to me. I hab been standing here for tree hours."

[To be continued.]

During the Chinese spring of this year, one hundred and seventeen prisoners died in the prisons of Canton. The treatment of them must have been even worse than that of the poor debtors in some of our American jails. We may cite as among the singular customs of Canton—that when a man under arrest dies either in prison, or in the house of an officer in whose charge he may have been placed, usage forbids the corpse being taken out by the door, and a hole must, for that purpose, be made in some part of the dwelling, unless a sufficient sum of money be paid by his relatives or friends, in which case the body may be carried to the top of the house and lowered down in the street. This custom is made the occasion of gross extortion.

BORROWING AND LENDING.—"I wonder, (said the man of the house, where I stopped) I wonder folks do not return what they borrow! There's that shovel and hoe, which I lent Mr. ——, more than a week ago, I want this minute; and now I must post John off to get them, and my workmen must stand still the while! Here, John, go to Mr. ——'s and get those tools—I have a good mind to say I will never lend any thing again, folks are so careless!" "O, my dear," says the wife, "I would not fret about it—for I believe we are as negligent as other people—you remember I borrowed that kettle and you borrowed that saddle and bridle several days ago, and we have not returned them—I am afraid they have wanted them. We must try to be more careful ourselves, before we find much fault with our neighbors."

"Well, I wish things could always be sent home. I suppose we are as bad, if not worse than other folks; but this don't set my men to work. I will try to have it otherwise, and I hope our neighbors will."

It has been observed that Washington but seldom smiled and never laughed. This, however, is not correct. I was informed the other day, by a gentleman venerable for his age and information, that he had seen Washington nearly convulsed with laughter. One instance he mentioned with a great degree of *sang froid*. At the time that our troops were encamped at Cambridge, information was received at head quarters that the English were about leaving Boston to give them battle. All was bustle and confusion. The soldiers were strolling over the town, and the officers were but ill prepared for the approaching rencounter. Some of the Generals were calling for their horses, and others for their arms, and among the rest was Gen. Greene, at the bottom of the stairs, bawling to the barber for his wig—*bring my wig, you rascal—bring my wig.* Gen. Lee directed himself and the company at the expense of Greene. "Your wig is behind the looking glass, sir." At which Greene raised his eyes, perceived by the mirror that the wig was where it should be—*on his head.*

Washington, in a fit of laughter, threw himself on the floor, and the whole group presented rather a ludicrous spectacle. However grave the Commander-in-chief may have been in general, the reader will surely excuse the illustrious Washington in this deviation from his usual character.—*Vermont Courier.*

Another Secret Society abandoned.—We like the following resolution; it it expresses the true motives which actuated those poor fellows. A meeting of the Northampton Fraternity of Bachelors was held on Thursday evening of last week, when it was unanimously

"*Resolved*, That in consideration of the great and unusual excitement existing in this country against secret societies, it is just and equitable that we should make some sacrifice to the love of country and good order—therefore to appease any excitement or alarm which may exist in this community in relation to secret association, we hereby renounce and disband forever, this venerable and devoted band of Bachelors. Furthermore, if any lady has curiosity to learn the exploded secrets, she can obtain them by applying to Mr. Secretary Hardheart, who will furnish all the desired information."

Now, if these single gentlemen had said "love of the ladies," instead of country, had induced this voluntary renunciation, we should have confided somewhat in the honesty of the declaration; we fear there was secret, and wrong influence somewhere.—*Northampton Courier.*

From the Juvenile Soldene.

SPEAK AND PART.—There is a story and which I believe is fact, of two boys going to a Jackass's sale, from a hole in the belfry window of the tower of All Saints' Church, Derby. As it was impossible to hear it without writing the heading, and as only beginning to read in this hinder from without, they resorted to put a plank through the window, and while the hostler boy secured its balance by sitting on the end within, the other boy was to ax himself on the opposite end, and from their perilous situation to recite the story. The first boy was to say, for the scheme was vast, "Speak and part," and the second boy was to finish it with "Speak and part." The plank was put, and with the points turning towards the breast they are edged with narrow bevel face not on, very sharp.

LADIES' HEAD-DRESSING.—Dress hats and berets are in favour, as are head-dresses of hair adorned with flowers.—The hats are worn generally of plain velvet, with low crowns and large round brims. Those of peasant velvet are much admired: the inside of the brim is trimmed with blond lace, *en cornet*. A velvet pouche forms the front, the brim is cut square towards the left ear, so as to show a velvet ornament of fruit, consisting of the berry which feather that droops over the shoulders. A second feather droops over the top of the crown, which is sometimes formed of velvet ramie, introduced in such a manner as to form squares, every second one of which is open.

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Dec. 13—3t

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